

THE CRIME CLINIC

STARRING DR. TOM ROGERS, PRISON PSYCHIATRIST

THE CRIME CLINIC

10c
No. 4
SPRING



*The Taming
of a Hood*
**BIG SHOT
IN THE
BIG HOUSE**

The Warden's Son
THE HEART OF A CON

Introducing
Barney Bailey, Private Eye

in **NOBODY CHEATS A HANGMAN**

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PRINTED IN U. S. A.

THE CRIME CLINIC

Starring DR. TOM ROGERS

in "The Heart of a Con!"

KELSEY! STOP!
YOU DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
DOING!

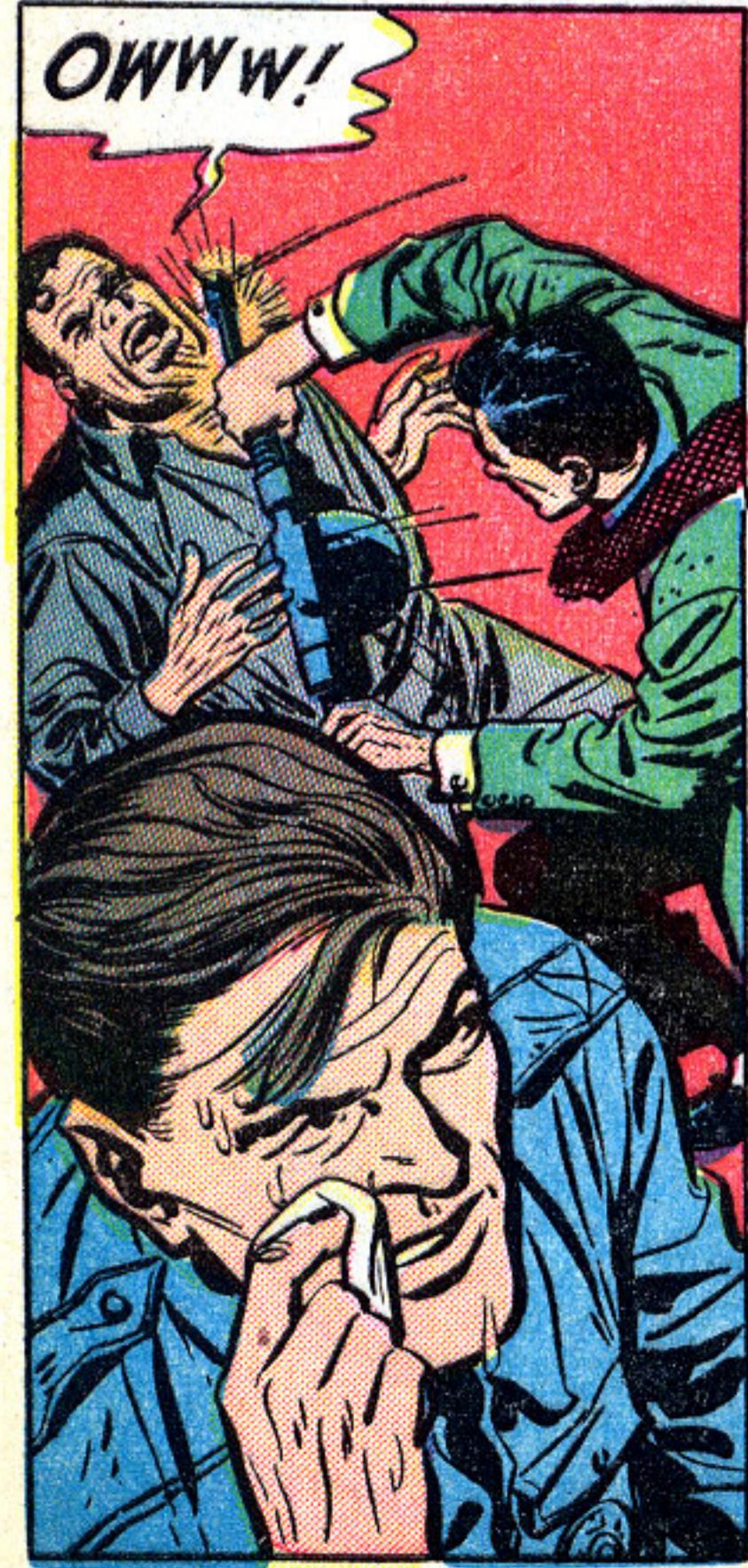
DON'T TRY
TO STOP ME,
DOC! I'M
WARNIN' YA!

JACK KELSEY WAS THE TOUGHEST,
MEANEST, MOST INCORRIGIBLE
CONVICT IN BLAKELY PENITENTIARY,
AND YET, DR. TOM ROGERS
RECOMMENDED HIM TO BE
WARDEN KENT'S TRUSTY! WHAT
MADE ROGERS RISK HIS CAREER
AND REPUTATION IN AN EFFORT
TO PROVE THAT PROPER HANDLING
COULD SOFTEN ...
"THE HEART OF A CON!"

TO BEGIN THE STORY OF JACK
KELSEY WE'LL HAVE TO GO BACK
TO A DAY IN 1948. AS I OPENED
MY OFFICE DOOR, I HEARD A
TERRIFIC STRUGGLE
IN THE
CORRIDOR!

DR. TOM ROGERS





"TEN MINUTES LATER, AS I PONDERED THE PROBLEM OF THIS 'MAD DOG' CONVICT, WARDEN KENT'S VOICE BOOMED AT ME FROM BEHIND..."

IDEA? KELSEY IS ABSOLUTELY INCORRIGIBLE! THERE'S NO USE IN CODDLING HIM ANY LONGER!

DR. ROGERS! WHAT'S THE

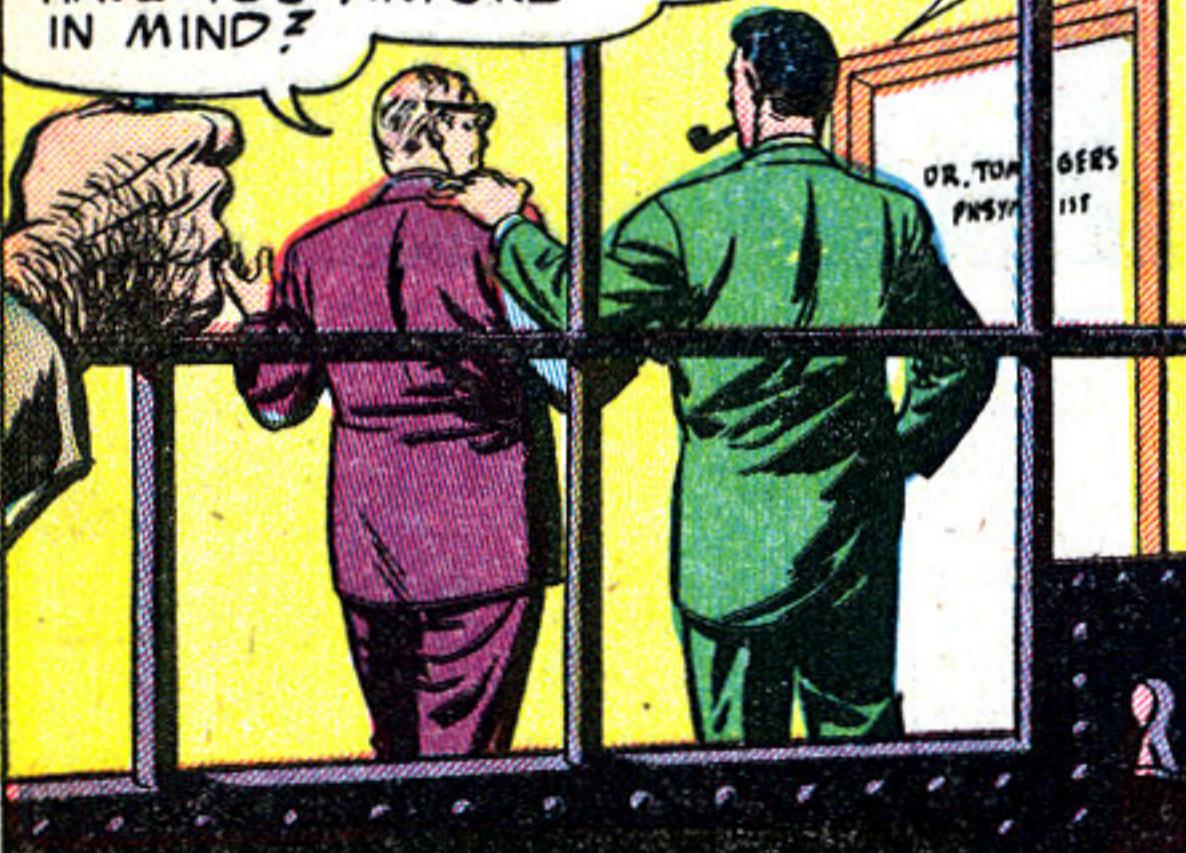
I'M SORRY, WARDEN, BUT I DON'T AGREE WITH YOU! KELSEY CAN BE RETURNED TO A NORMAL USEFUL LIFE IF WE CAN JUST FIND THE KEY TO HIS BEHAVIOR!

YOU'RE USUALLY RIGHT, ROGERS, AND YOU'VE REHABILITATED MEN I'D HAVE GIVEN UP ON! BUT JACK KELSEY HASN'T GOT A DECENT STREAK IN HIM!

YES HE HAS, WARDEN! GIVE ME A FEW WEEKS TO PROVE IT!

ALL RIGHT, HAVE IT YOUR WAY! WHAT I WANTED TO SEE YOU ABOUT WAS A MAN TO ACT AS A CHAUFFEUR AND HANDYMAN AROUND THE HOUSE! HAVE YOU ANYONE IN MIND?

YES, WARDEN! JACK KELSEY!



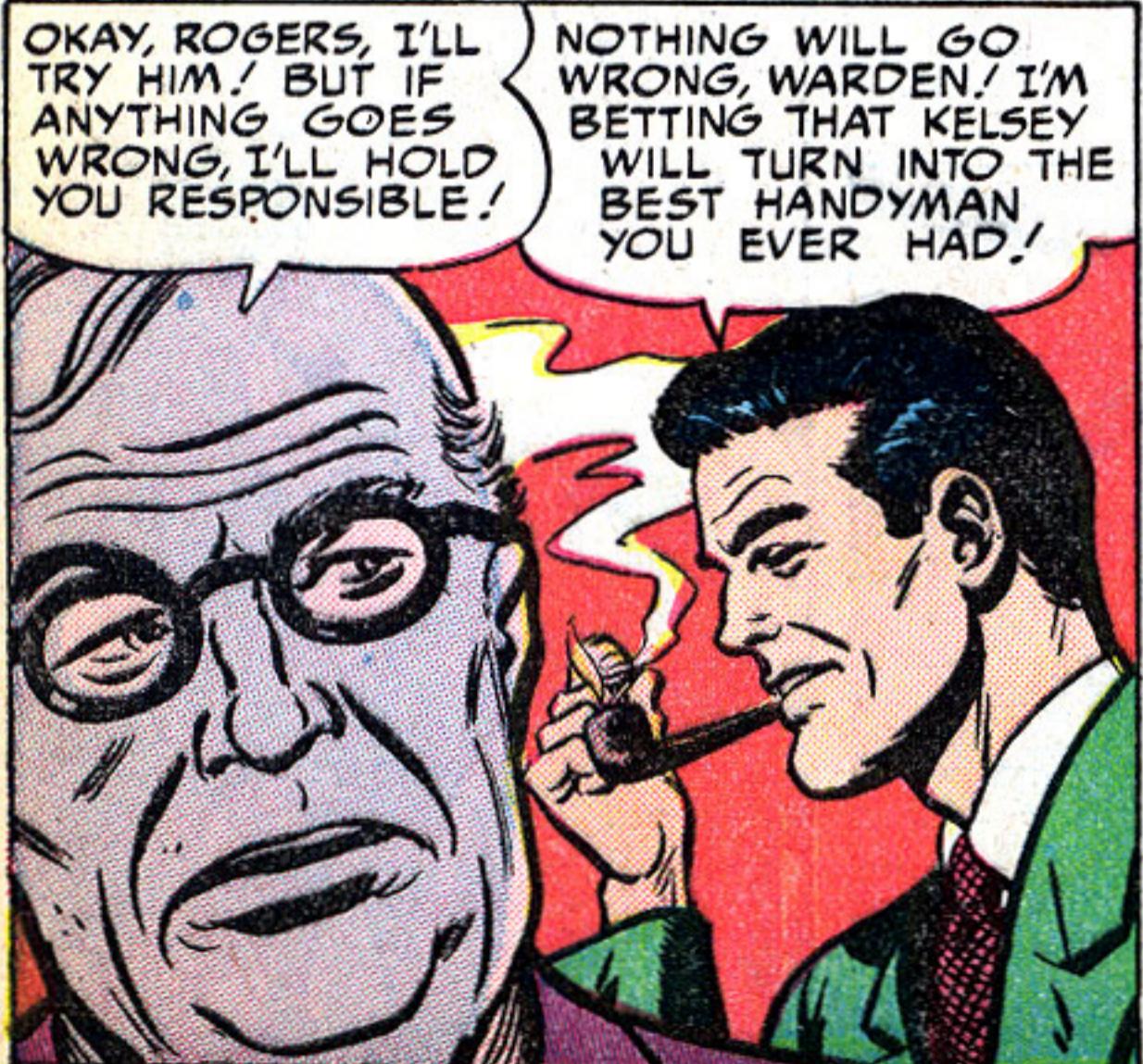
ARE YOU MAD, ROGERS? HAVE THAT MURDERER AROUND MY FAMILY, MY BOY? NO! I WON'T HEAR OF IT!

WARDEN, I'LL STAKE MY REPUTATION AND JOB ON KELSEY! I'VE STUDIED HIS CASE HISTORY AND I'M CONVINCED THERE IS A DECENT STREAK IN HIM! SOME PSYCHOLOGICAL QUIRK JUST THREW HIM OFF ON THE WRONG TRACK!



OKAY, ROGERS, I'LL TRY HIM! BUT IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG, I'LL HOLD YOU RESPONSIBLE!

NOTHING WILL GO WRONG, WARDEN! I'M BETTING THAT KELSEY WILL TURN INTO THE BEST HANDYMAN YOU EVER HAD!



"I HAD KELSEY BROUGHT INTO MY OFFICE TO TELL HIM ABOUT HIS NEW JOB! HIS SURLY ATTITUDE ALMOST MADE ME CHANGE MY MIND..."

OKAY, DOC, WHAT'S THE PITCH? IS THIS "BE-KIND-TO-CONVICTS-WEEK" OR SOMETHING?

NO, KELSEY! I'M SERIOUSLY TRYING TO HELP YOU! YOU'RE TOO GOOD A MAN TO RUIN YOUR ENTIRE LIFE!



WITH YOUR ATTITUDE, I SHOULD RECOMMEND SOLITARY, BUT I WON'T! I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE AT THE WARDEN'S HOUSE! REPORT TO THE OFFICER OF THE GUARD IN THE MORNING!

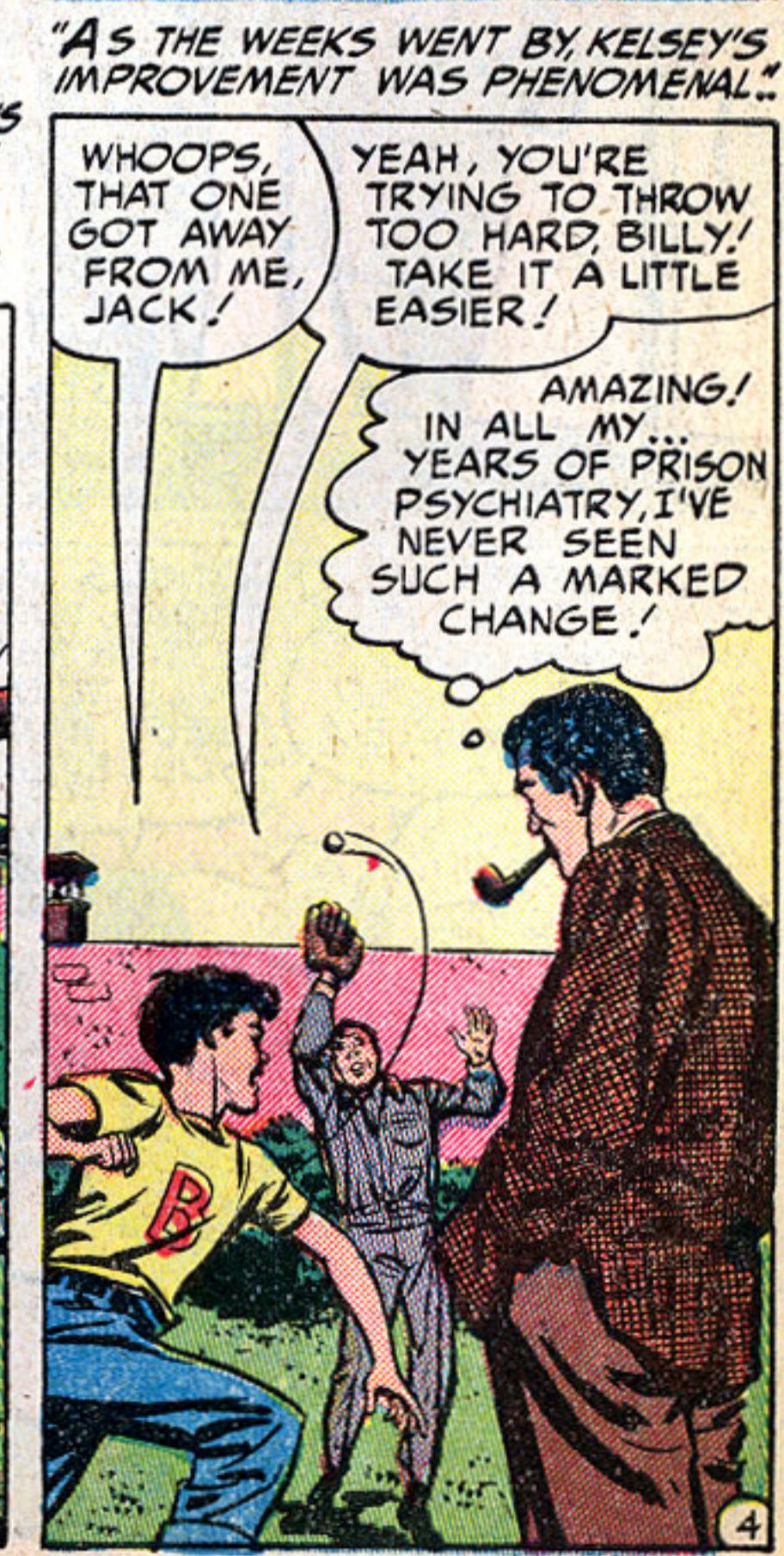
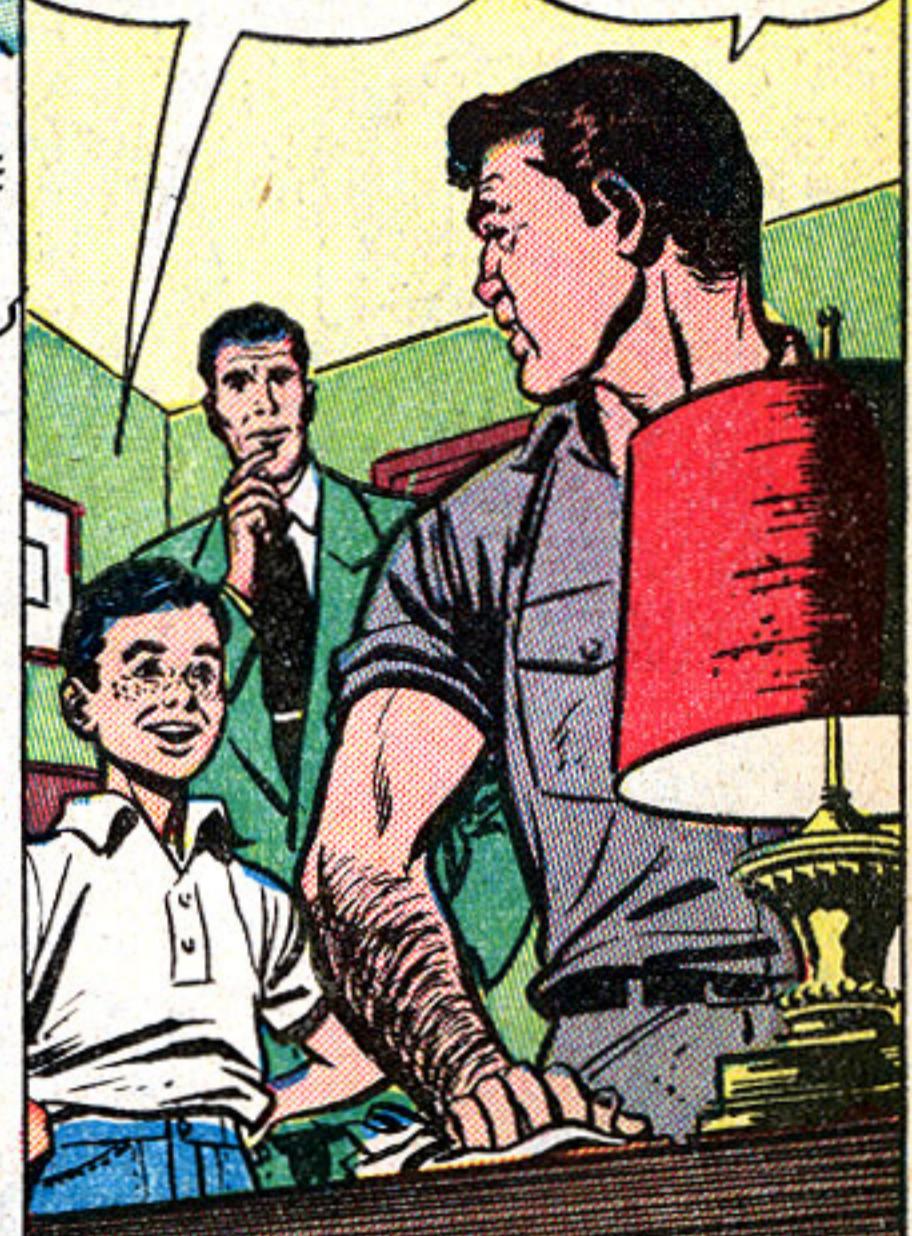
OKAY! BUT I'M NOT GOING TO LIKE THE WORK! AND IF I GET THE CHANCE I'LL MAKE A BREAK!

"I MADE A SPECIAL POINT OF DROPPING IN AT WARDEN KENT'S HOUSE THE NEXT AFTERNOON..."

"I WENT OUT INTO THE YARD AND FOUND BILLY, WARDEN KENT'S SON."

GOSH, DR. ROGERS, WHAT A BIG GUY! GEE, MISTER, I'LL BET YOU'RE REAL STRONG! CAN I FEEL YOUR MUSCLES?

HUH? WHAT'S THE BRAT YAPPIN' ABOUT? OH, OKAY, BUB, GO AHEAD!



"WARDEN KENT WAS IMPRESSED, TOO..."

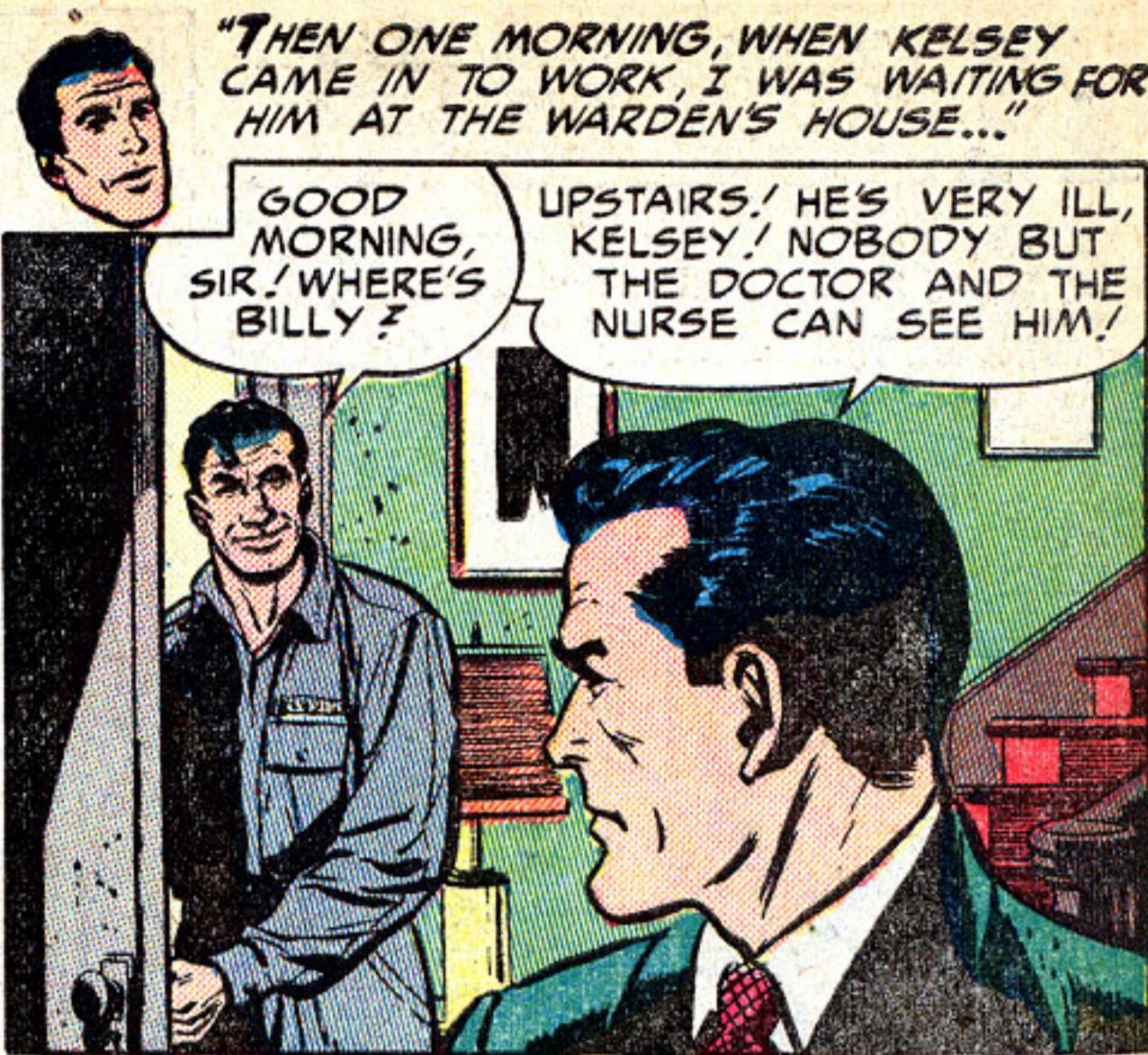
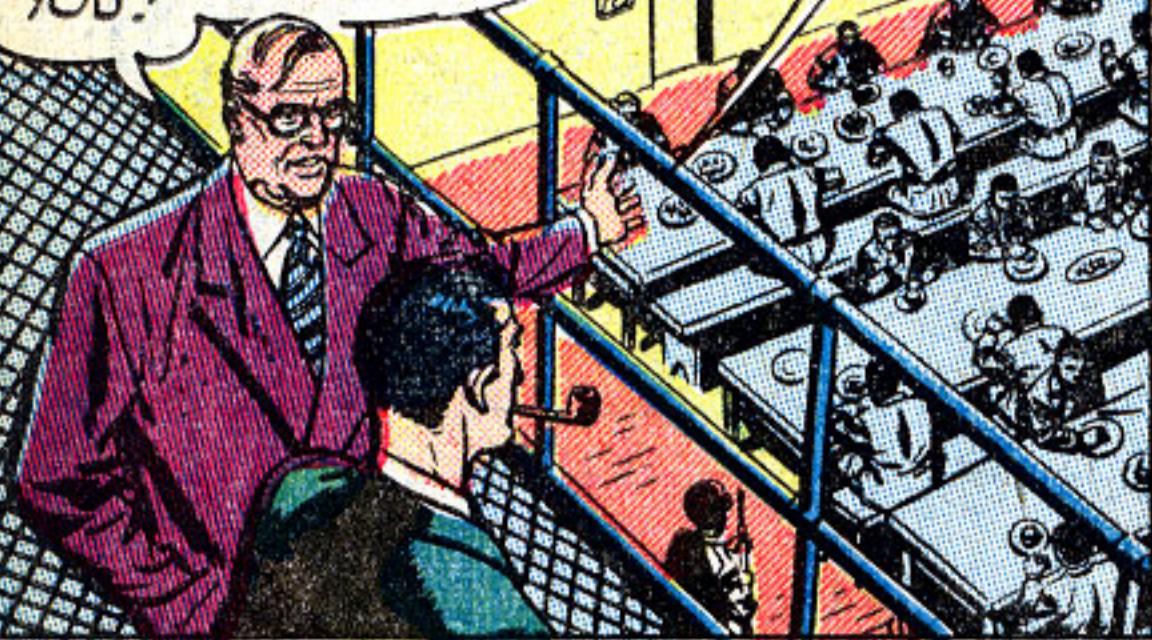
ROGERS, DO YOU REALIZE THERE'S A KEY TO THE BEHAVIOR OF EVERY CONVICT IN THIS MESS-HALL! IF YOU COULD DO FOR THEM WHAT YOU DID FOR KELSEY, THE WORLD WOULD NEVER FORGET YOU!

IT COULD BE DONE, WARDEN! SOMEDAY THE WORLD WILL REALIZE THAT IT HAS TO BE DONE!

"THEN ONE MORNING, WHEN KELSEY CAME IN TO WORK, I WAS WAITING FOR HIM AT THE WARDEN'S HOUSE..."

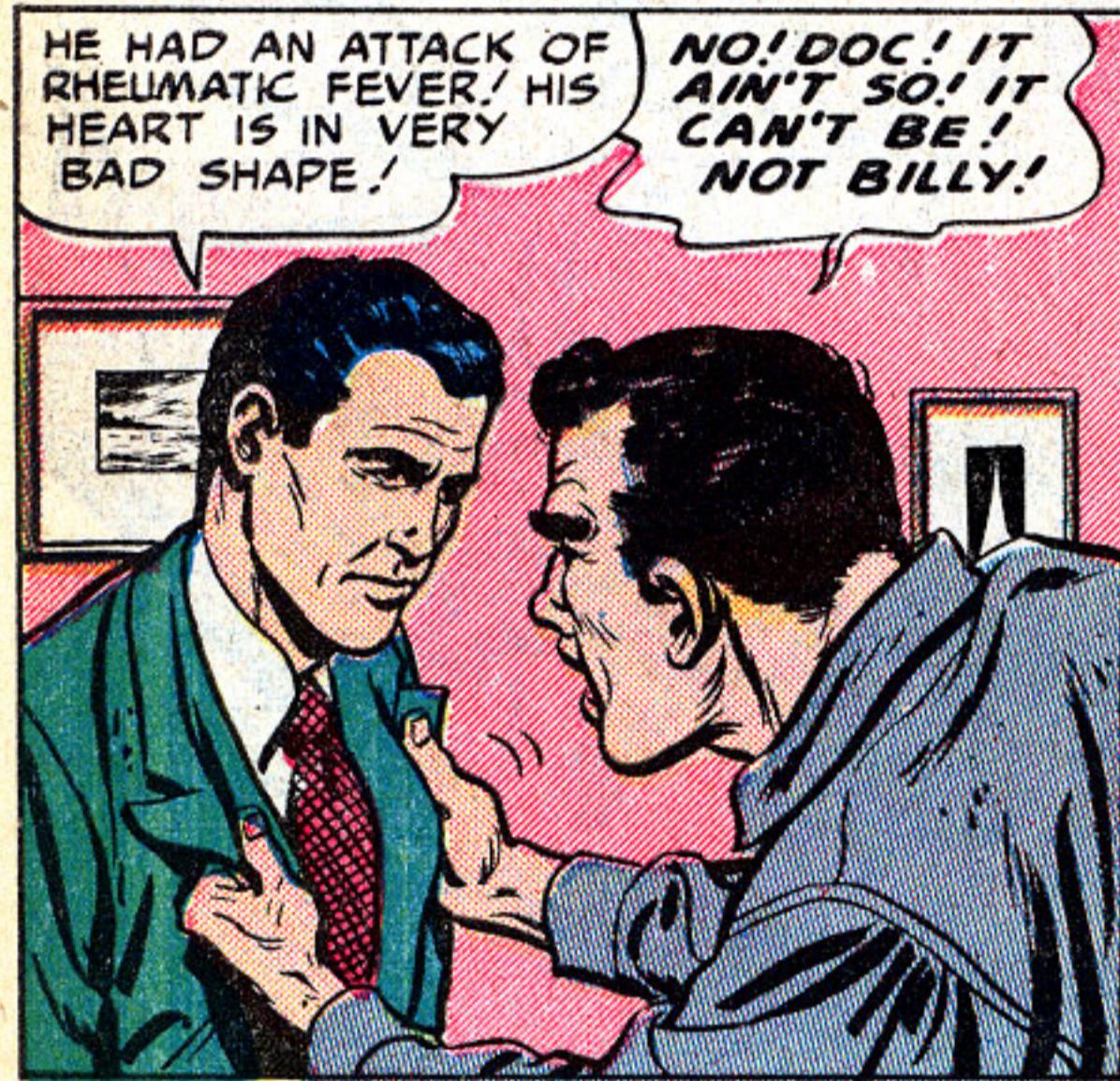
GOOD MORNING, SIR! WHERE'S BILLY?

UPSTAIRS! HE'S VERY ILL, KELSEY! NOBODY BUT THE DOCTOR AND THE NURSE CAN SEE HIM!



HE HAD AN ATTACK OF RHEUMATIC FEVER! HIS HEART IS IN VERY BAD SHAPE!

NO! DOC! IT AIN'T SO! IT CAN'T BE! NOT BILLY!



POOR KID! RHEUMATIC FEVER! BAD HEART! IT COULD KILL HIM! HE'S GOT TO BE SAVED!



"I WAS WORRIED AT THE WAY KELSEY TOOK THE NEWS, BUT NOT TOO WORRIED! AT LEAST UNTIL AFTER CHECK-IN TIME THAT EVENING! THEN WARDEN KENT BURST INTO MY OFFICE..."

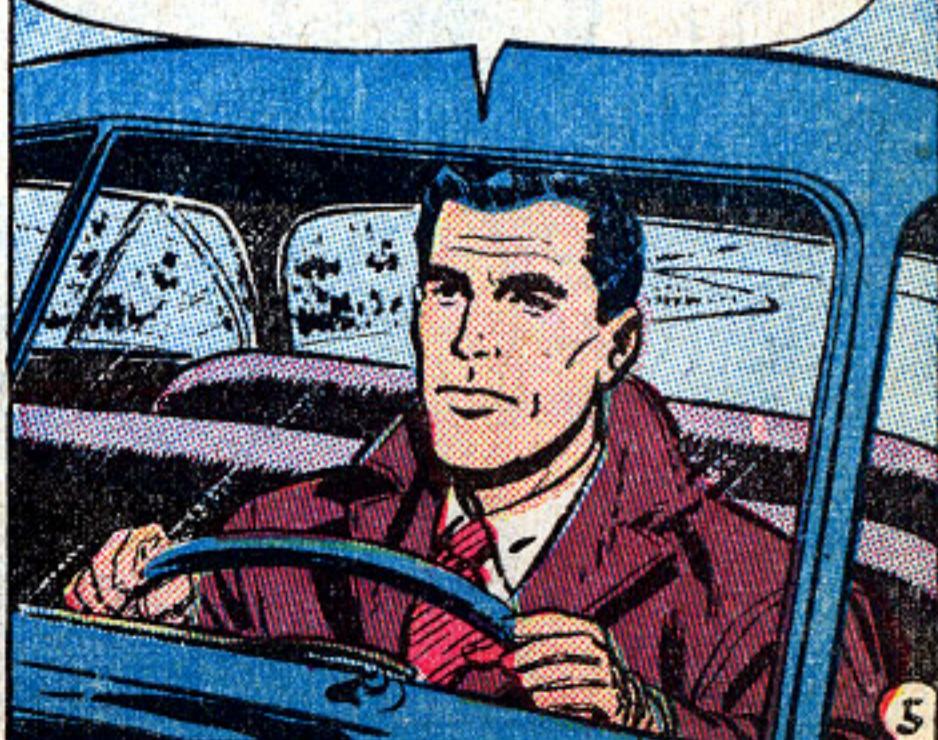
ROGERS, KELSEY HAS ESCAPED! HE WAS MISSING AT EVENING CHECK-IN! A TRUSTY SAW HIM DRIVE OFF IN A PICK-UP TRUCK THIS AFTERNOON! I TOLD YOU HE WAS INCORRIGIBLE! HE ONLY PUT ON THAT BIG REFORM ACT TO GAIN OUR CONFIDENCE!

THAT'S TOO BAD, WARDEN! BUT CALM DOWN! I THINK I MAY HAVE HIM BACK IN NO TIME!



"I WAS PLAYING A LONG SHOT, AND IF IT DIDN'T PAY OFF, I'D BE AN 'EX' PRISON PSYCHIATRIST!"

KELSEY DIDN'T REACT THE WAY I'D PLANNED! MY HUNCH AS TO WHERE HE HEADED MAY NOT BE RIGHT EITHER... OR I MAY BE TOO LATE TO STOP HIM!



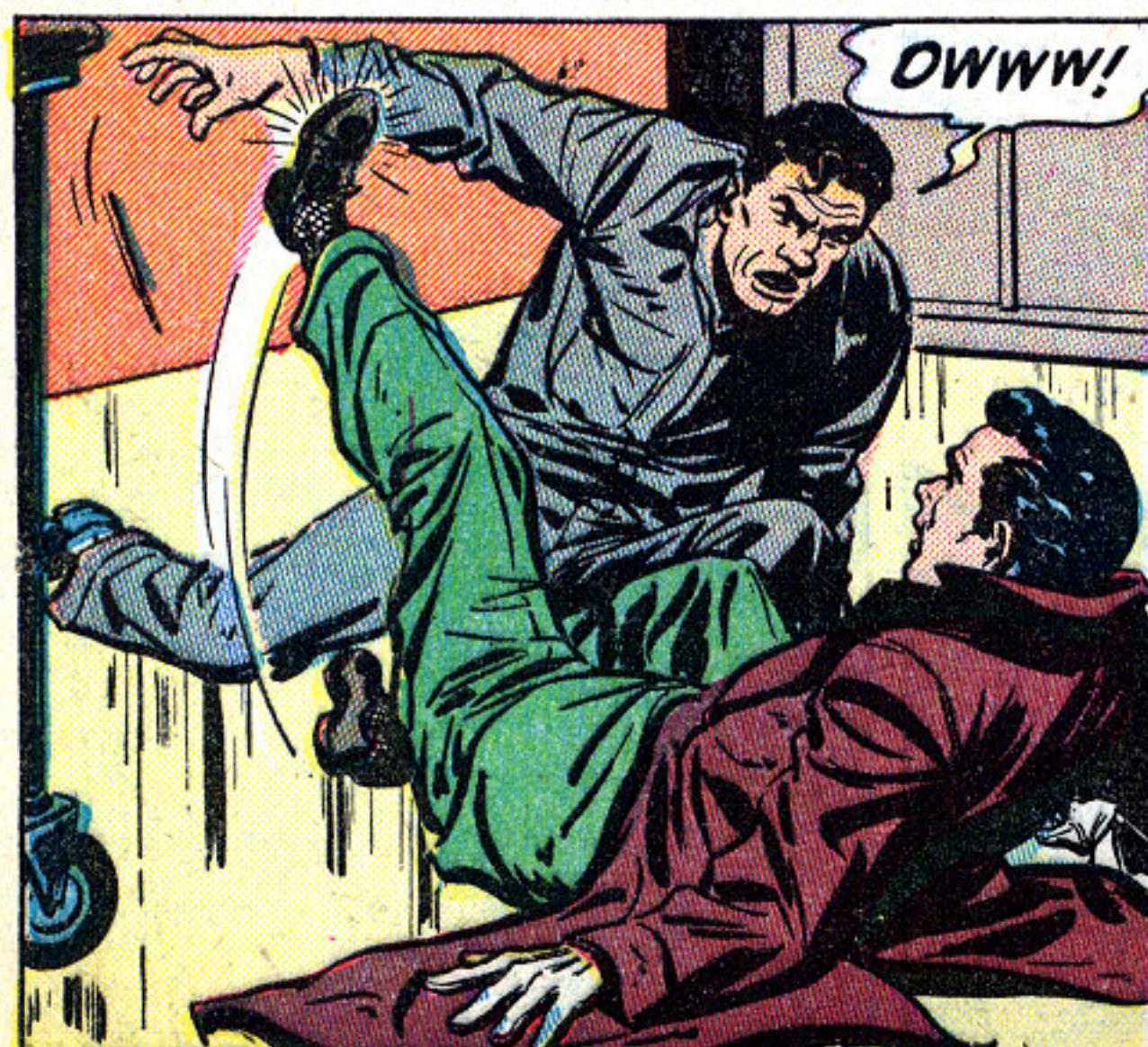
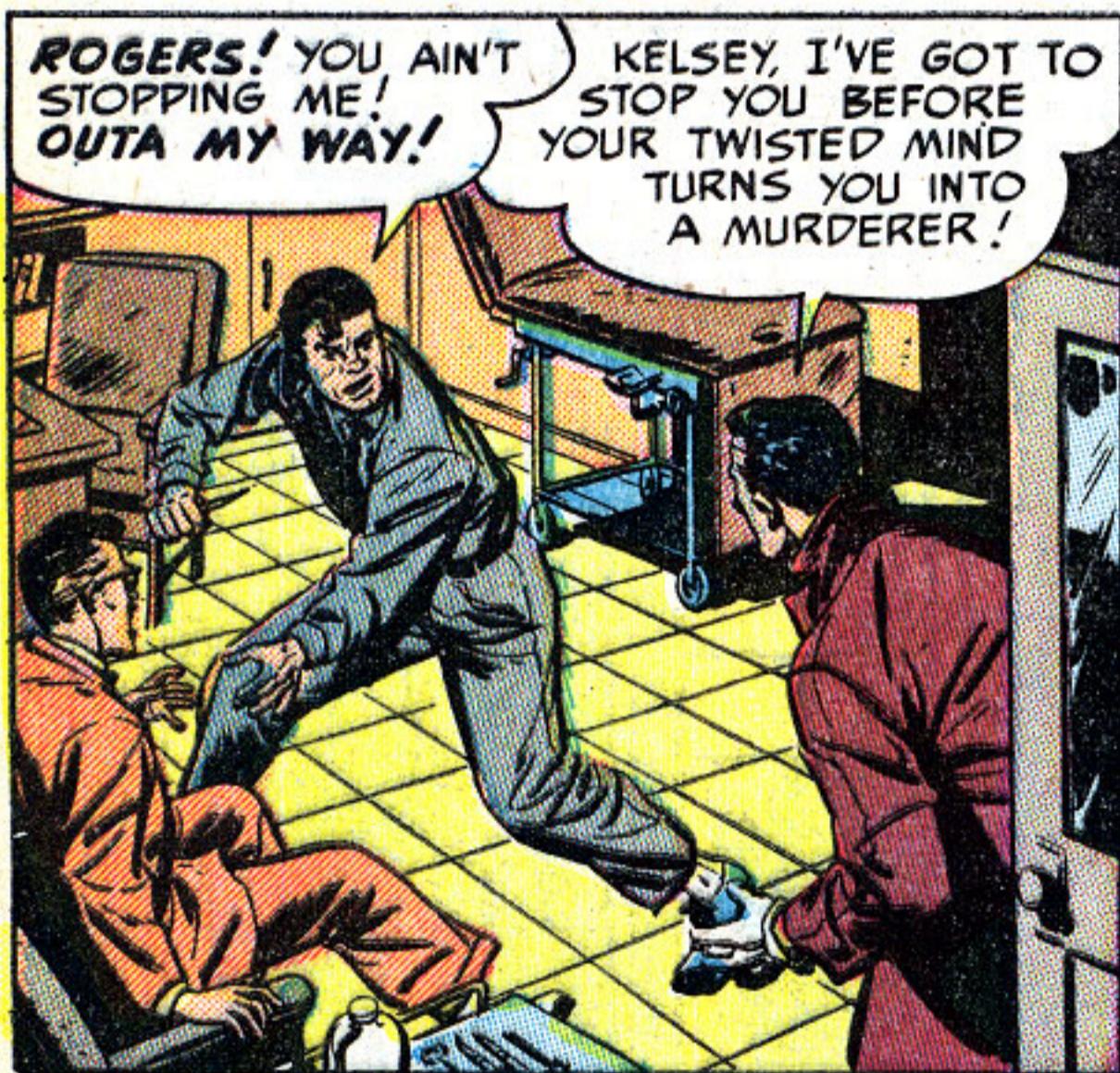
"BREATHLESS MINUTES LATER
I WAS AT THE DOOR OF AN
OFFICE IN THE CITY..."

DR. HORACE WRIGHT, THE TOP
HEART SPECIALIST IN THE
COUNTRY! SOMEONE'S
INSIDE THE OFFICE!

IF YA DON'T COME
WITH ME, DOC, I'LL
SLIT YOUR THROAT!

PLEASE,
PLEASE!

KELSEY!



SO YOU GOT HIM! LUCKY FOR YOU, ROGERS! A THING LIKE THIS REFLECTS ON THE WHOLE PRISON SYSTEM! HOW CAN YOU EXPLAIN YOURSELF?

I DON'T INTEND TO EXPLAIN MYSELF, WARDEN!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT REMARK, ROGERS?

I MEAN KELSEY WILL DO THE EXPLAINING! HE CAN TELL HIS OWN LIFE STORY BETTER THAN I CAN! HIS EARLY LIFE HOLDS ALL THE ANSWERS TO HIS ACTIONS TODAY!

SOME HOURS LATER, WE WERE BACK AT BLAKELY! AND IN WARDEN KENT'S OFFICE..."

THIS HAD BETTER BE A GOOD STORY! I'M NOT IN THE MOOD TO LISTEN TO A LOT OF NONSENSE!

I'LL MAKE IT SHORT, WARDEN! YA SEE, MY OLD MAN DIED WHEN I WAS ABOUT FIFTEEN!

WHAT WILL WE EVER DO, JACK? POOR DAD DIDN'T LEAVE A CENT! HOW WILL WE LIVE?

DON'T WORRY, MOM! I'M BIG AND HUSKY! I CAN GET A JOB AND SUPPORT US!

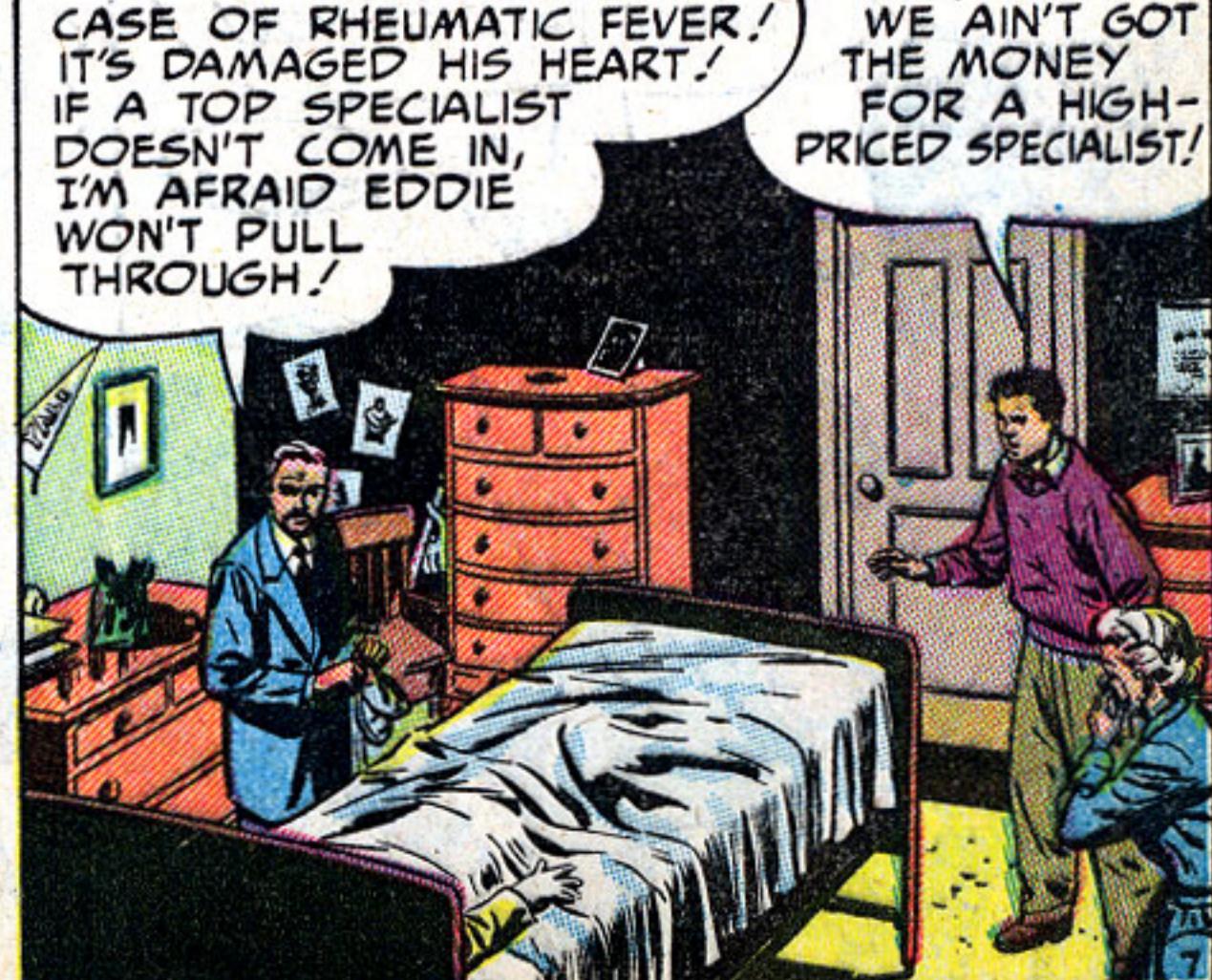
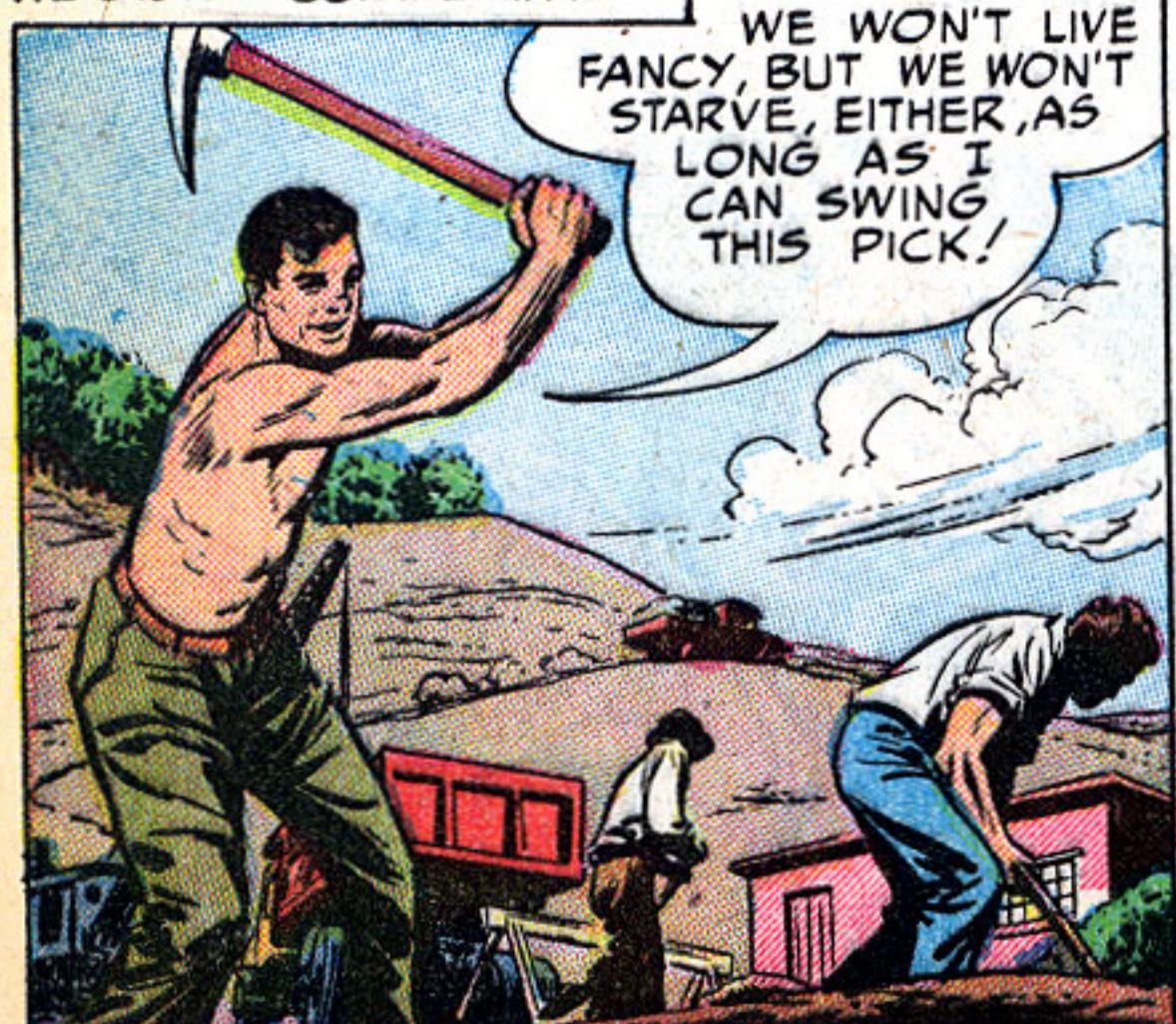
"I DID ALL RIGHT BY MOM AND LITTLE EDDIE, TOO! I GOT A JOB! IT DIDN'T PAY MUCH, BUT WE DIDN'T COMPLAIN..."

WE WON'T LIVE FANCY, BUT WE WON'T STARVE, EITHER, AS LONG AS I CAN SWING THIS PICK!

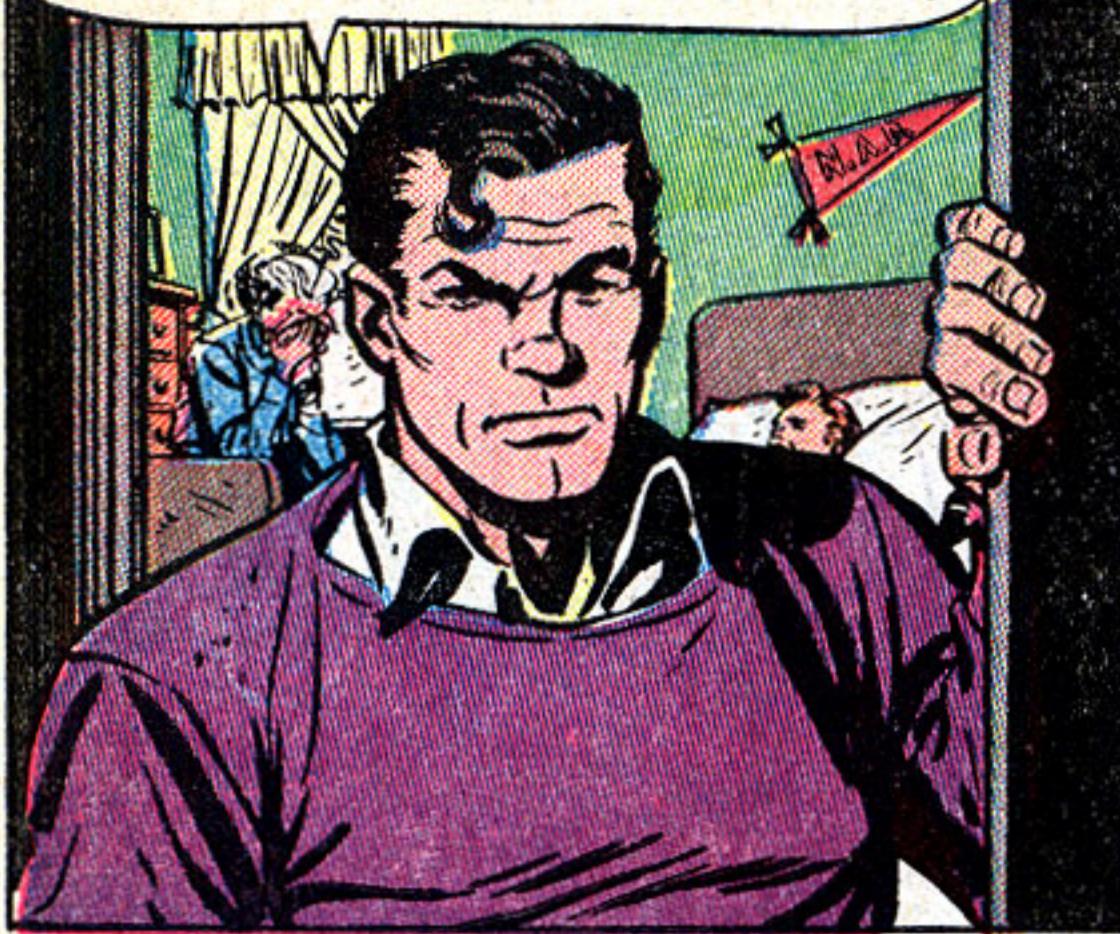
"BUT THEN IT HAPPENED! LITTLE EDDIE TOOK SICK..."

EDDIE HAS A CASE OF RHEUMATIC FEVER! IT'S DAMAGED HIS HEART! IF A TOP SPECIALIST DOESN'T COME IN, I'M AFRAID EDDIE WON'T PULL THROUGH!

BUT, DOC, WE AIN'T GOT THE MONEY FOR A HIGH-PRICED SPECIALIST!



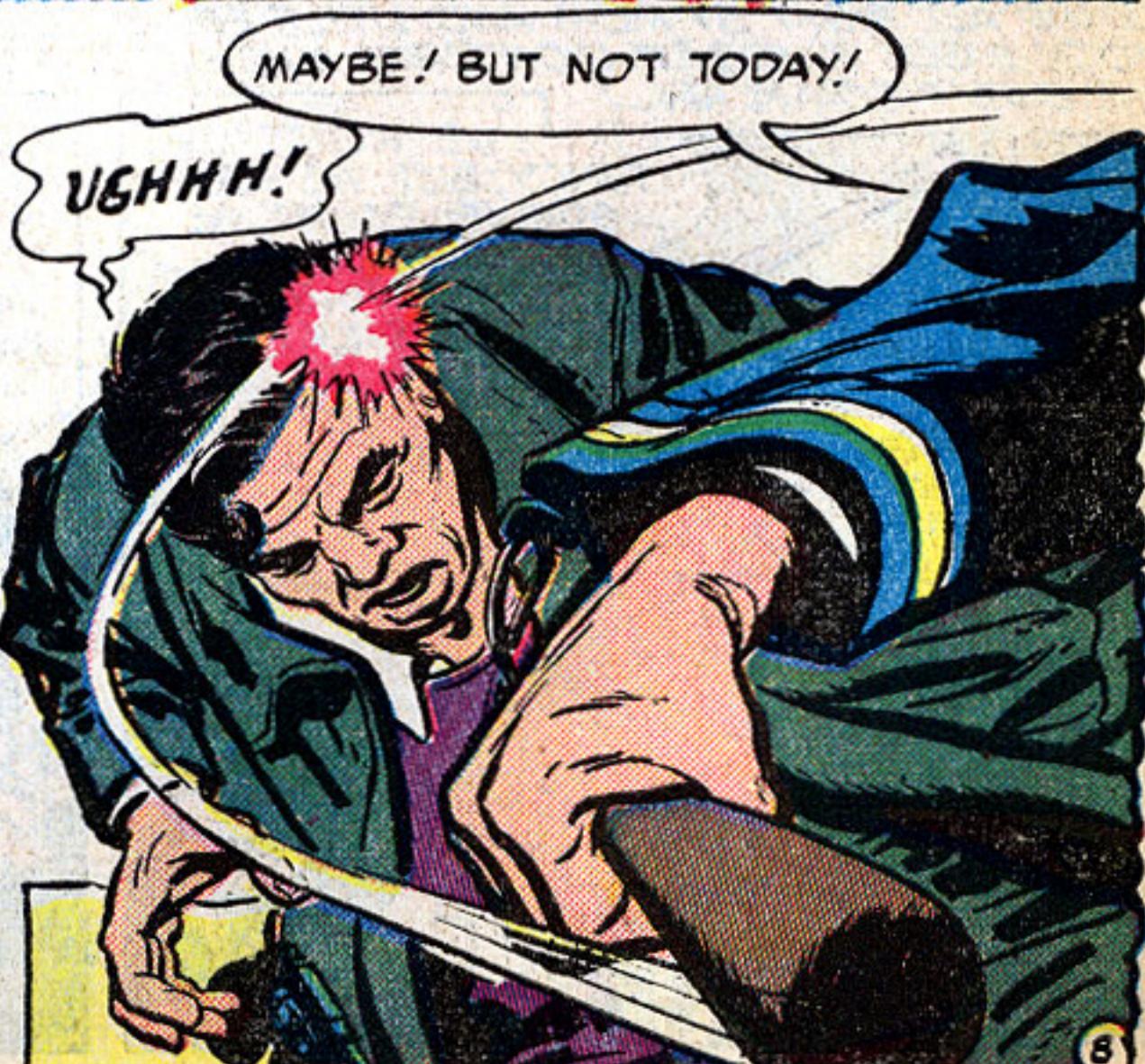
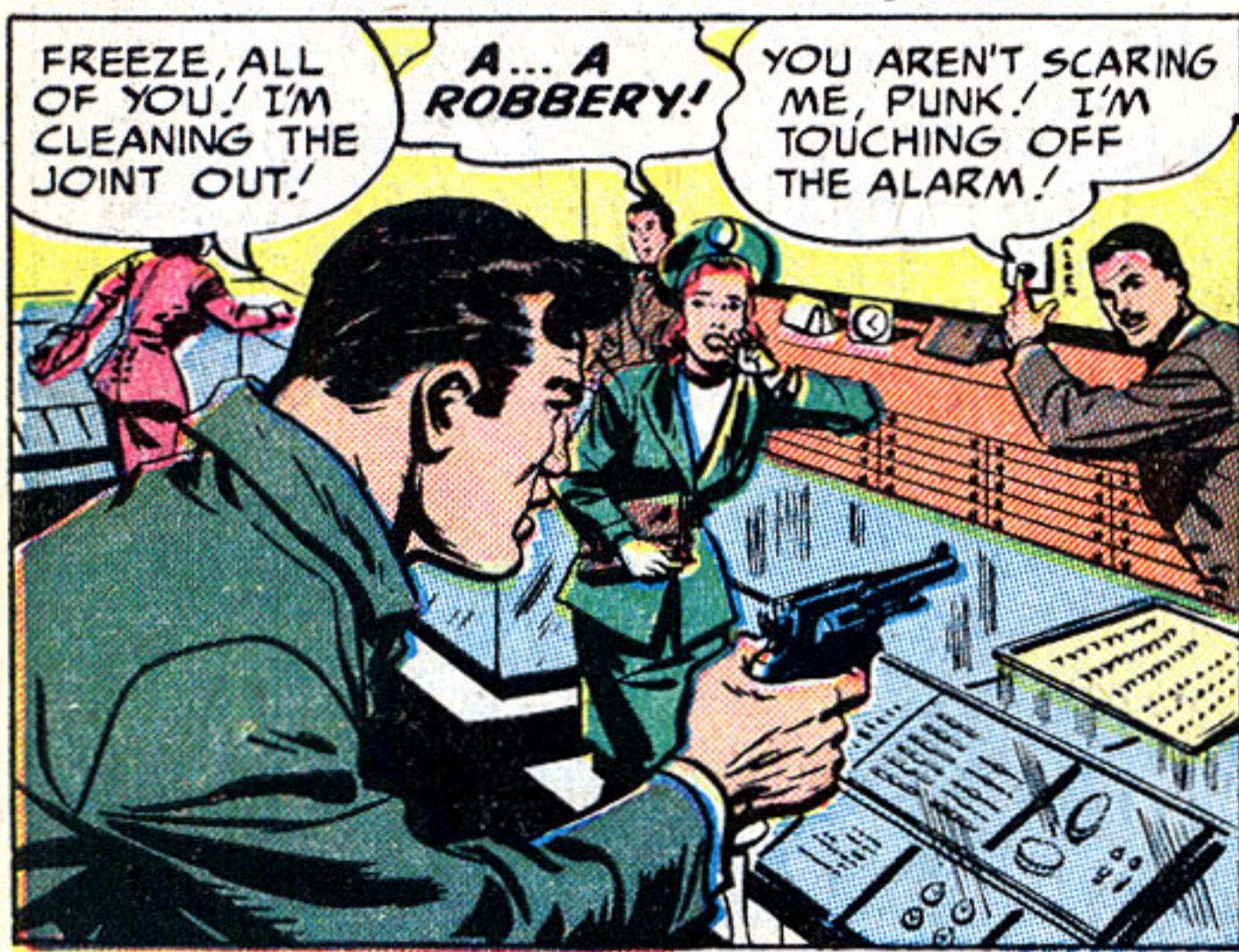
SWINGIN' A PICK WILL NEVER BRING THE DOUGH FOR EDDIE'S OPERATION! BUT I AIN'T GONNA LET HIM DIE! I'LL GET THE MONEY SOMEWHERE!



"I STAYED UP AFTER MOM WENT TO BED THAT NIGHT! SUDDENLY, I REMEMBERED POP'S OLD PISTOL! I DECIDED THE KID WAS GONNA GET THE OPERATION!"



"NEXT DAY I PICKED WHAT LOOKED LIKE THE EASIEST PLACE IN TOWN, CORNING'S JEWELRY STORE..."



"AS KELSEY FINISHED HIS STORY, HE SLUMPED IN HIS CHAIR, A DEFEATED MAN!"

THAT'S IT, WARDEN! EDDIE DIED A FEW DAYS AFTER I WAS ARRESTED! I'M NOT SORRY I DID IT... I HAD TO!

NO, KELSEY, YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO! VIOLENCE, BREAKING THE LAW, CAN NEVER BE JUSTIFIED, NO MATTER WHAT THE REASON!

BUT, DOC, I HAD TO RAISE THE DOUGH! I HAD TO TRY AN' KEEP EDDIE FROM DYING! HOW ELSE COULD I DO IT?

THAT SCROLL IS THE "HIPPOCRATIC OATH" WHICH EVERY DOCTOR MUST ABIDE BY! IF YOU HAD TOLD THE SURGEON THE REAL CIRCUMSTANCES, HE WOULD HAVE PERFORMED THE OPERATION! HIS OATH REQUIRES THAT NOTHING MUST PREVENT HIS SERVICE TO HUMANITY!

YA MEAN

THAT, DOC?
YA MEAN IF I HADN'T BLOWN MY TOP... WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN!

YOU SEE, WARDEN KENT, I KNEW THE STORY BEHIND KELSEY! BUT I WANTED TO PROVE THE WHOLE THING TO HIM! THAT'S WHY WHEN I FOUND OUT THAT BILLY WAS GOING TO VISIT RELATIVES FOR A FEW DAYS, I TOLD KELSEY THAT BILLY HAD RHEUMATIC FEVER!

SO THAT'S WHY HE RAN OUT, EH? TO FIND A SPECIALIST AND FORCE HIM TO PERFORM THE OPERATION! I REALIZE WHAT YOU WERE TRYING TO DO! BUT YOU ENCOURAGED HIM TO ESCAPE!

I REALIZE THAT, WARDEN, BUT IT WASN'T MY INTENTION! I WANTED TO MAKE KELSEY REALIZE THAT BILLY'S SITUATION EXACTLY PARALLELED HIS BROTHER'S! THEN I WAS GOING TO SHOW HIM HOW VIOLENCE WOULDN'T SOLVE ANYTHING... AND DRIVE HOME THE LESSON OF HOW IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN HANDLED!

I SEE, DOC! ONLY I WAS SO NUTS ABOUT BILLY I JUST HAD TO TRY TO DO IT MY OWN WAY... WHICH WAS ALL WRONG! I'LL PROBABLY NEVER GET OUT OF STIR NOW!

NO, KELSEY! I THINK DR. ROGERS' DRASTIC TREATMENT HAS SHOWN YOU THE LIGHT! YOU'RE NOT A CRIMINAL TYPE, AT HEART! IF YOU'RE WILLING TO TOE THE MARK, I'LL RECOMMEND YOU FOR PAROLE AS SOON AS I CAN!

YA MEAN THAT, WARDEN? I'LL DO ANYTHIN' YOU ASK!

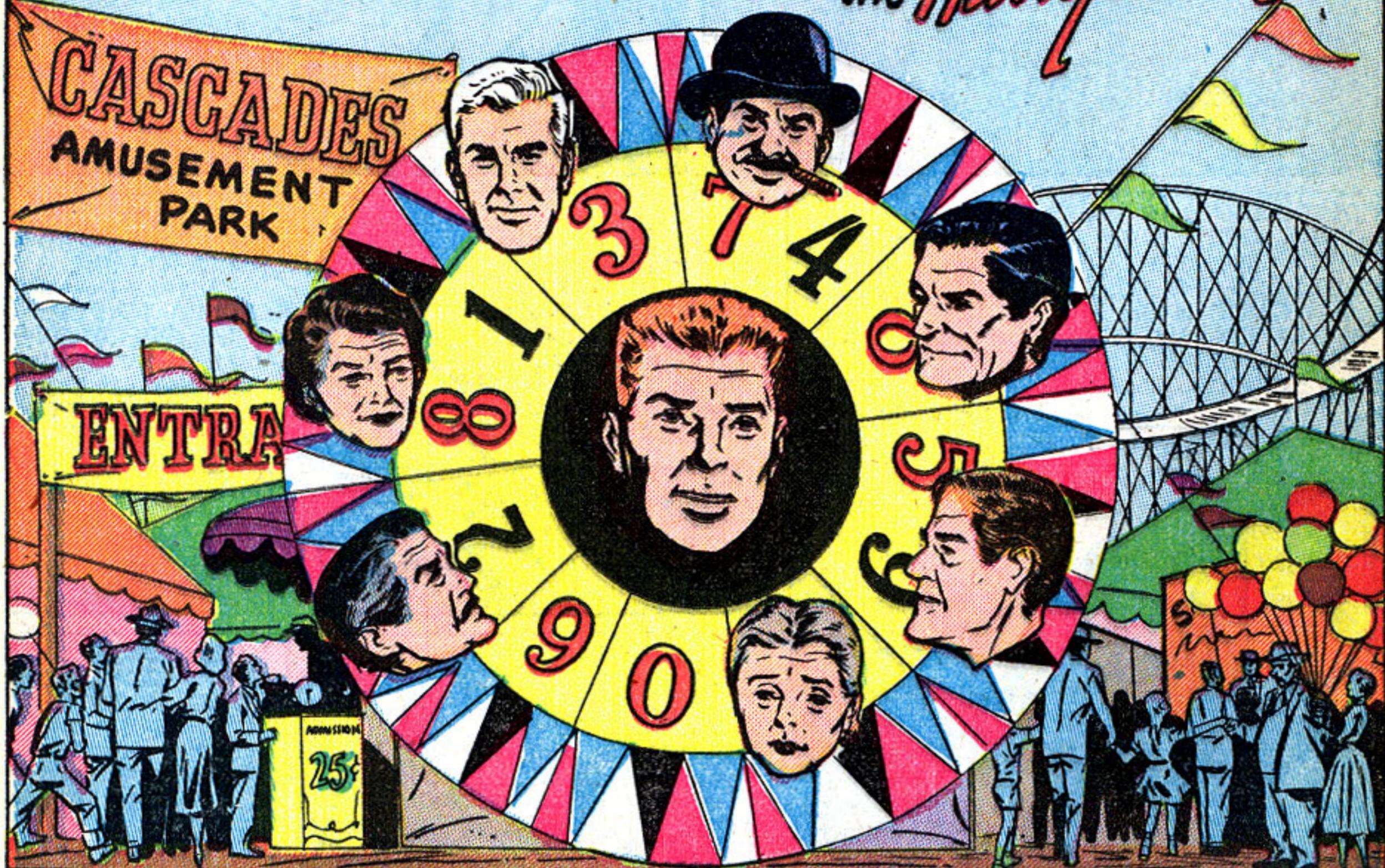
THAT WINDS UP THE STORY OF "THE HEART OF A CON." IT PROVES THAT VIOLENCE NEVER SOLVES PROBLEMS! THERE IS AN HONEST WAY OUT OF EVERY SITUATION... IF WE WILL ONLY TAKE THE TIME TO FIND IT!

The End

BARNEY BAILEY, PRIVATE EYE

THE GUN IS QUICKER THAN THE EYE! WITNESSES AND CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE WERE DON GRAYSON'S ONE-WAY TICKET TO THE DEATH HOUSE. "OPEN-AND-SHUT," THE POLICE CALLED IT, AND PRIVATE EYE BARNEY BAILEY AGREED. BUT WHEN THE WHITE-HAIRED SLEUTH LET HIS HEART RULE HIS HEAD, HE PROVED TO A KILLER THAT...

in
*Nobody Cheats
the Hangman*



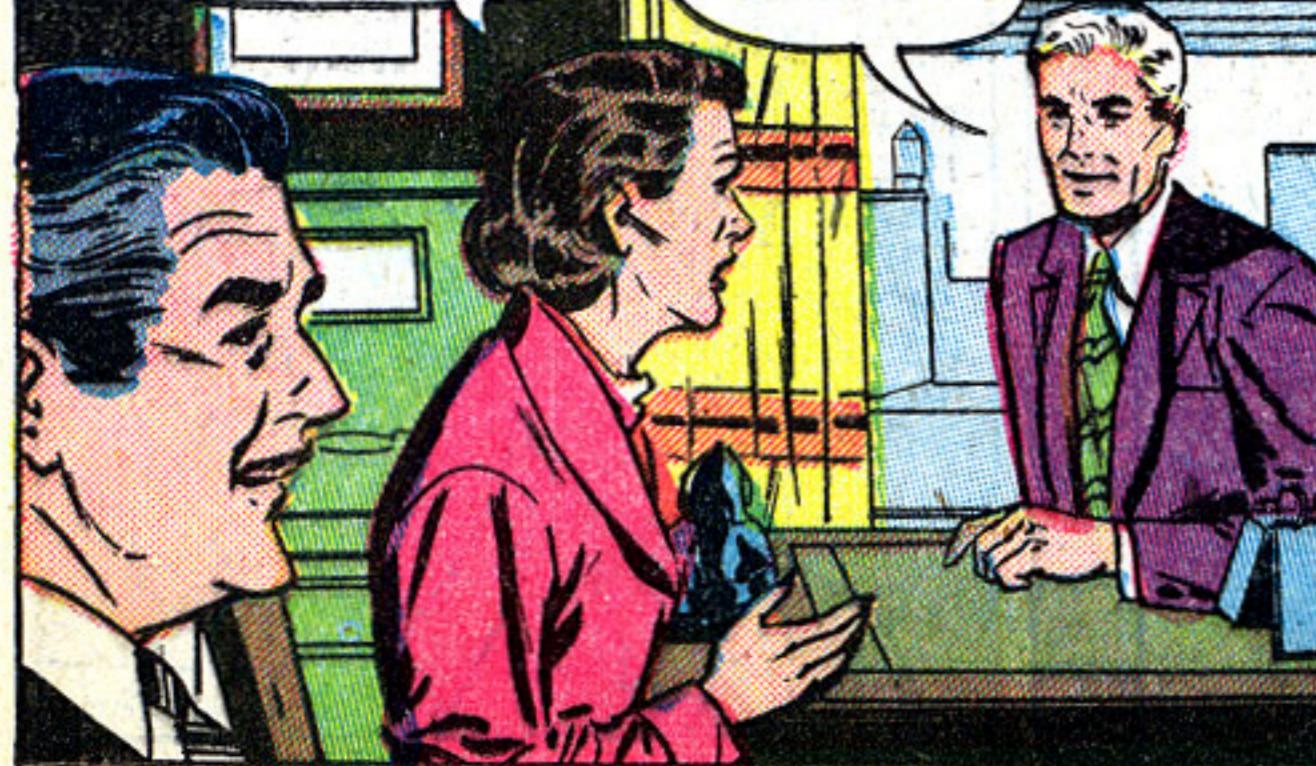
OUR STORY OPENS IN THE OFFICE OF BARNEY BAILEY, PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR...

...BUT MR. BAILEY, OUR BOY IS INNOCENT! HE'S NEVER DONE A WRONG THING IN HIS LIFE!

HE'S HAD HIS TRIAL, MRS. GRAYSON. I'M AFRAID THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO. SORRY!

HE WAS FRAMED! AND ALL WE'RE ASKING THOSE NEWSPAPERS DIDN'T HELP ANY--CALLING DON THE "BABY-FACED KILLER!"

YOU TO DO, MR. BAILEY, IS TO INVESTIGATE THE CASE. IT MEANS SO MUCH TO US.



ALL RIGHT, MRS. GRAYSON, THANK YOU,
I'LL TAKE THE CASE!

MR. BAILEY!

BAILEY'S FIRST STOP IS POLICE HEADQUARTERS,
WHERE HE SEEKS THE AID OF HIS OLD FRIEND,
DETECTIVE SERGEANT JIM DUFFY...

FROM THE FIRST, I
WAS SURE THAT
CLEAN-CUT LAD
WASN'T A KILLER,
BUT FACTS IS FACTS,
BARNEY, AND I HAD
TO DO MY DUTY!

JUST WHAT **WERE** THE FACTS,
JIM? BY THE TIME THE
NEWSPAPERS GOT THROUGH
WITH HIM, IT WAS PRETTY
HARD TO SEPARATE FACT
FROM FICTION!

IT WAS LATE SPRING, JUST
AFTER CASCADES
AMUSEMENT PARK
OPENED FOR THE
SEASON.. YOUNG
DON GRAYSON, STATE
RIFLE CHAMPION, SET
OUT FOR AN EVENING
OF FUN...

Grayson
Case

I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU
THOUGHT YOU SAW!
THAT WASN'T A
WINNING NUMBER!
NOW, EITHER PLAY
THE GAME OR
MOVE ALONG!

THAT'S
THE
TWELFTH
QUARTER I'VE
LOST HERE!
WHAT A
RACKET!

"TREMBLING WITH RAGE, DON
VISITED THE SHOOTING GALLERY..."

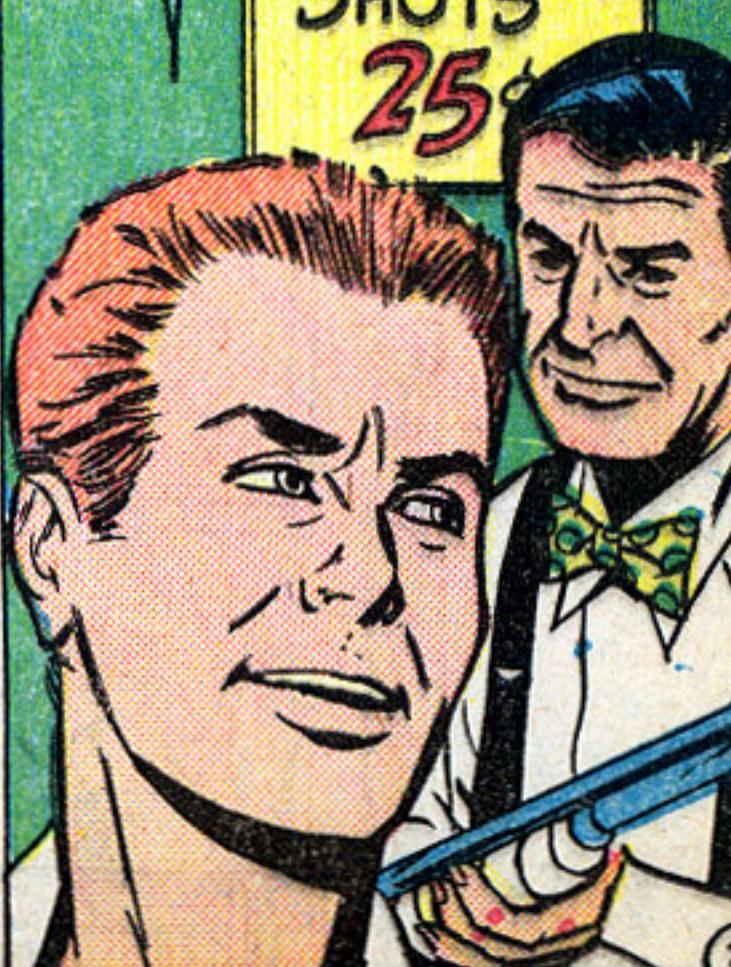
BOY, AM I
BAD TONIGHT!
I CAN'T EVEN
HIT THESE **EASY**
TARGETS!

WELL, THAT RUN-IN
WITH SWANSON
DIDN'T DO YOU
ANY GOOD, BUT
I'D STILL BET ON
YOU IN A
MATCH...

NAW, THIS JUST ISN'T MY
NIGHT! HE OUGHTA BE **SHOT**
FOR RUNNING A SKIN-GAME
LIKE THAT!

WELL, SEE
YOU AROUND!

TAKE IT EASY,
YOUNG
FELLER!



"THEN IT HAPPENED! BUT IN THE GENERAL HURDY-GURDY OF AMUSEMENT PARK NOISE, THE 'CRACK!' OF THE MURDER GUN WENT UNNOTICED, UNTIL SOMEONE SAW SWANSON CRUMBLE TO THE GROUND..."



SOMEONE GOT HURT? SOMEONE GOT KILLED! SHOT RIGHT THROUGH THE HEART!

"BY THE TIME DON REACHED THE GATE, A RECEPTION COMMITTEE WAS WAITING..."

THAT'S HIM, OFFICER! HE'S THE ONE!



"DAY AFTER DAY, THE EVIDENCE PILED UP..."

AS A BALLISTICS EXPERT, YOU ARE WILLING TO SWEAR THE BULLET WAS FIRED FROM THE GUN CALLED "EXHIBIT A?"

YES, SIR!



YOU ARE A FINGERPRINT EXPERT. TELL THE COURT WHAT EVIDENCE YOU FOUND ON THE GUN MARKED "EXHIBIT A."

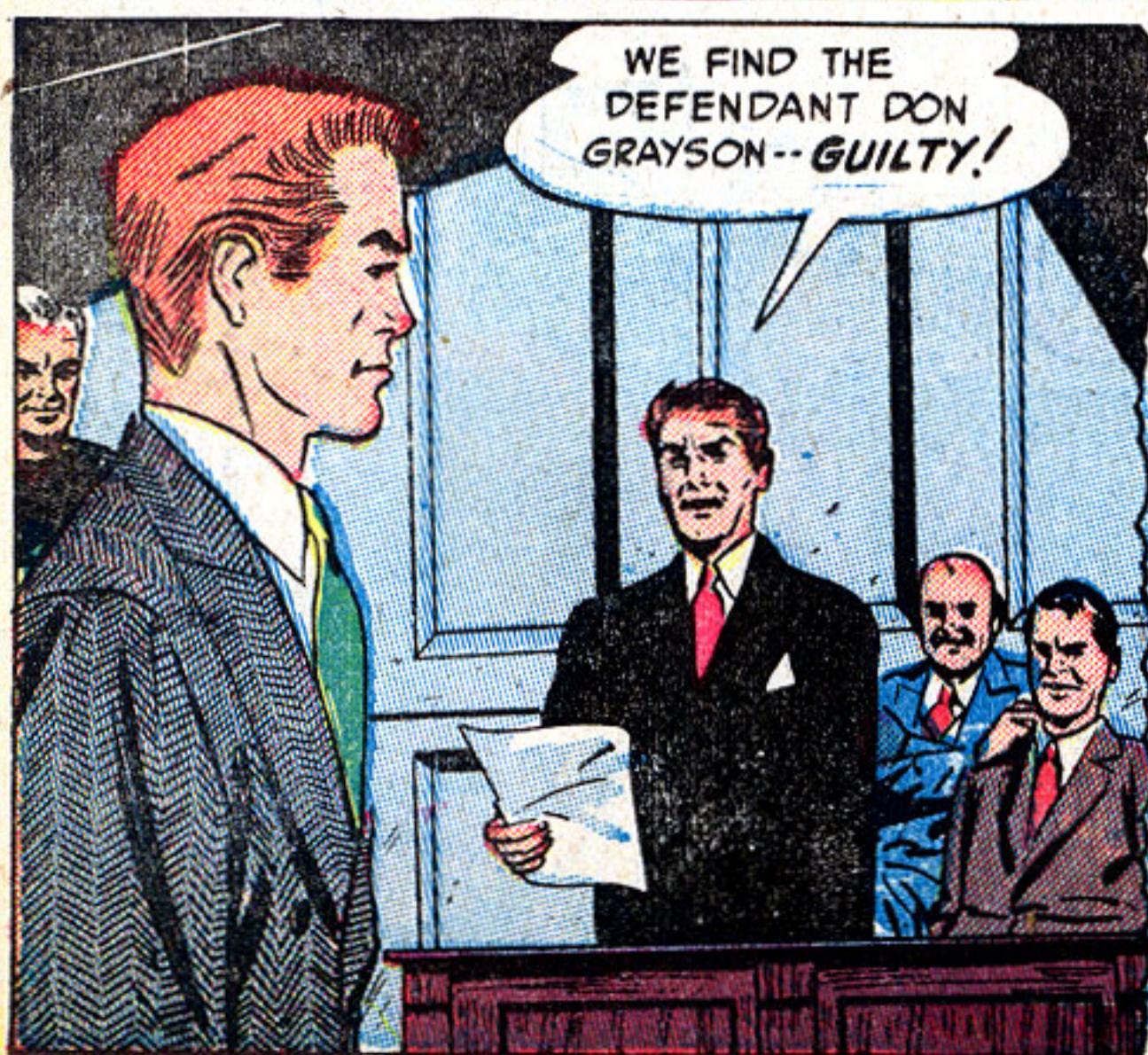
I CHECKED THE GUN MARKED "EXHIBIT A" FOR FINGERPRINTS, AND FOUND THE ONLY PRINTS ON IT WERE THOSE OF DON GRAYSON!



WE FIND THE DEFENDANT DON GRAYSON--GUILTY!

WELL, THAT'S IT, BARNEY!

THERE'S GOT TO BE A LOOPHOLE SOMEWHERE, JIM! WHAT ABOUT FEELEY?

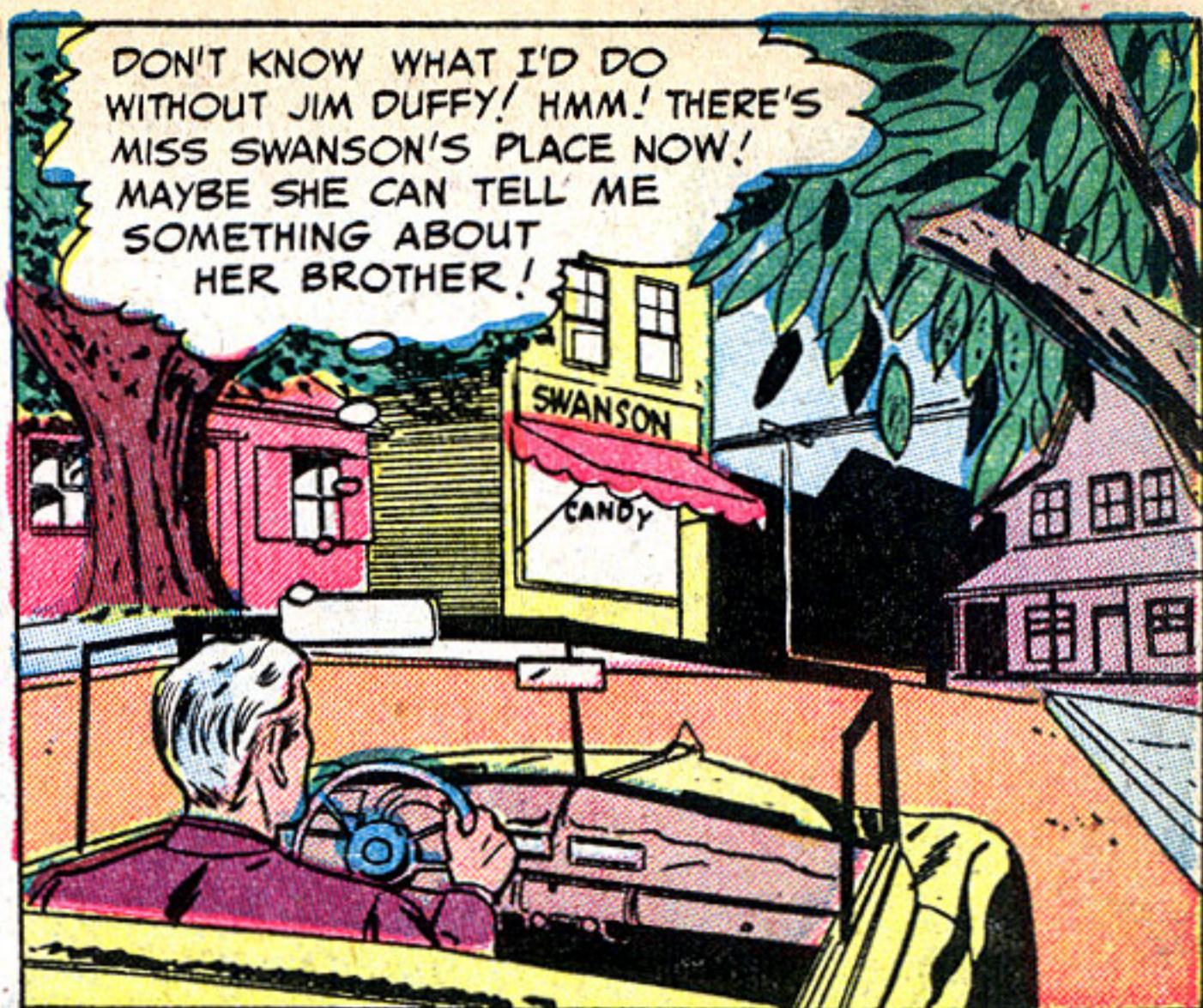


Grayson Case

HE TESTIFIED IN COURT THAT HE CAN'T SHOOT AT ALL!

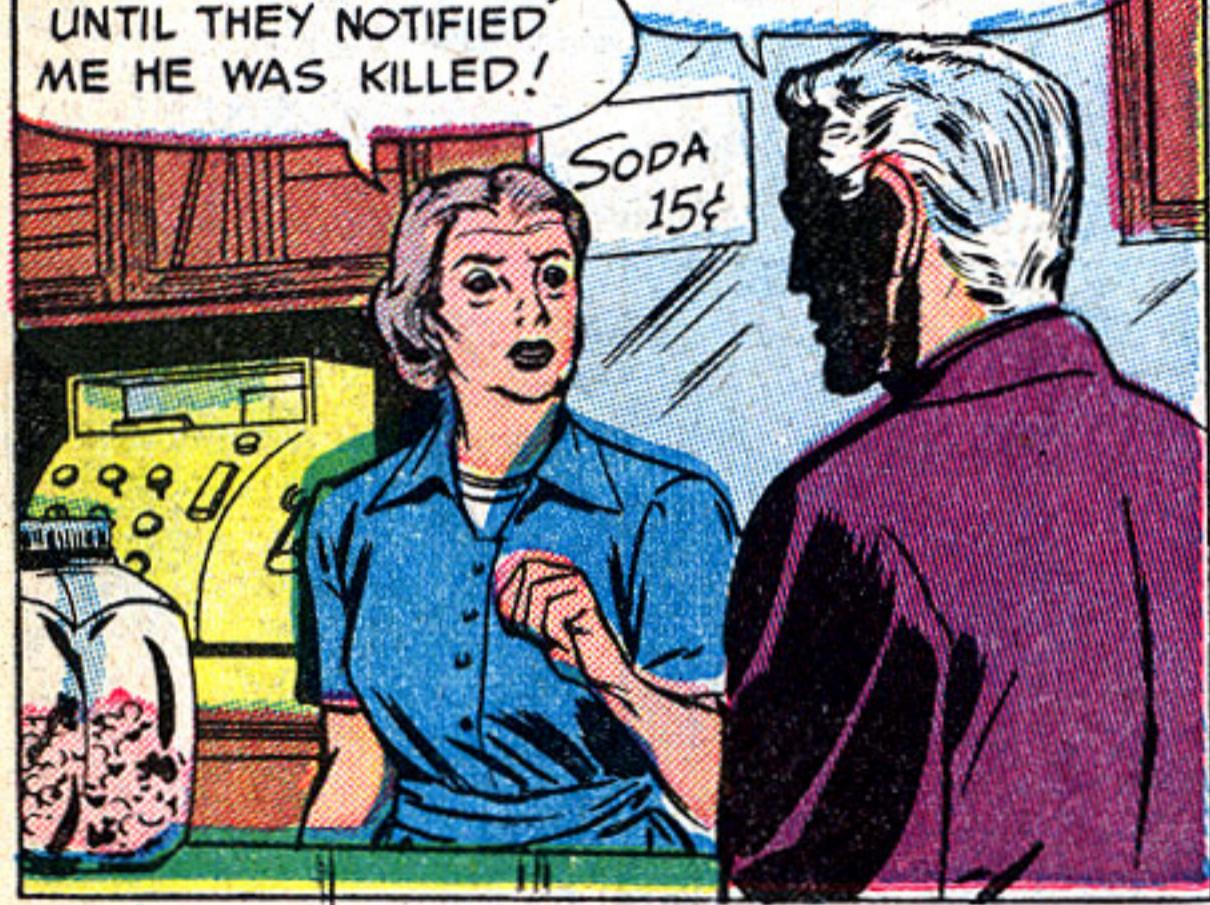
SOMETHING'S FISHY ABOUT THIS! I DON'T TRUST THIS FEELEY CHARACTER! WELL, JIM, THANKS LOADS!

DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO WITHOUT JIM DUFFY! HMM! THERE'S MISS SWANSON'S PLACE NOW! MAYBE SHE CAN TELL ME SOMETHING ABOUT HER BROTHER!



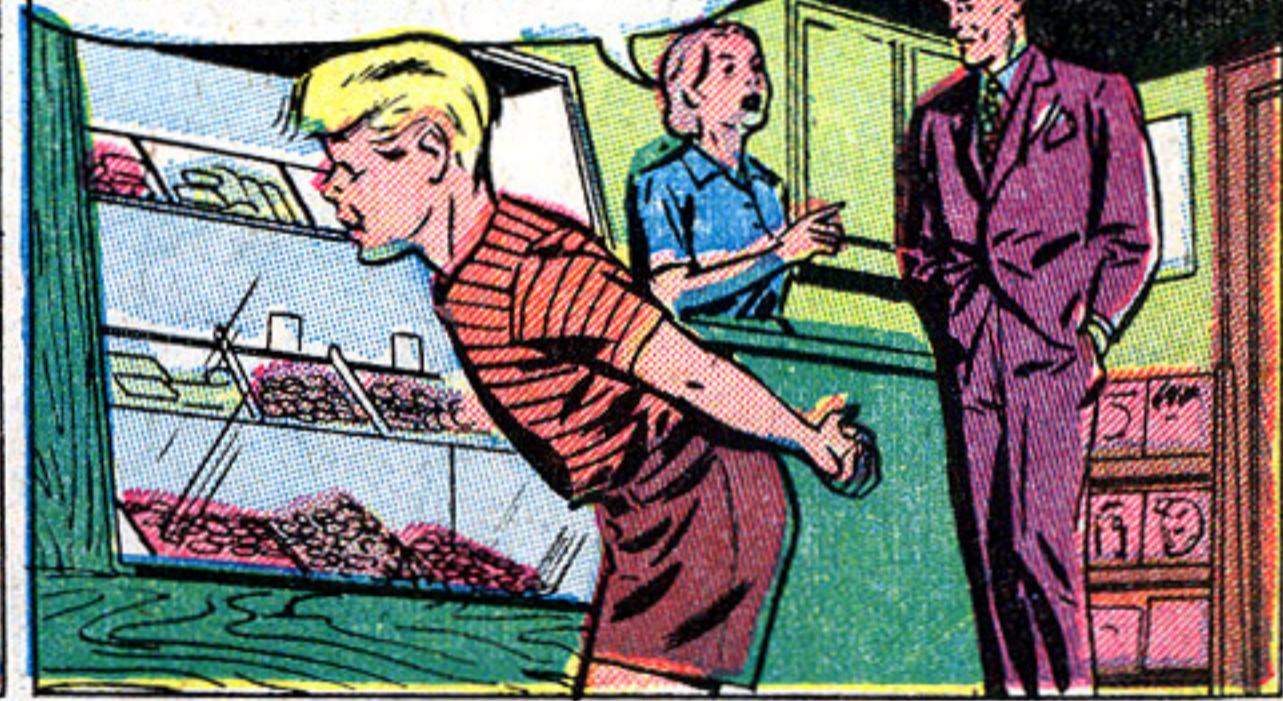
I HADN'T SEEN MY BROTHER OLAF FOR ALMOST TEN YEARS, UNTIL THEY NOTIFIED ME HE WAS KILLED!

IT MUST'VE BEEN QUITE A SHOCK, MISS SWANSON!



WELL, NOT REALLY, MR. BAILEY. YOU SEE, MY BROTHER AND I HADN'T BEEN CLOSE FOR A LONG TIME. TO BE HONEST, I WAS ASHAMED OF HIM -- THE WAY HE CHEATED PEOPLE! HIM AND THAT SLIPPERY PARTNER OF HIS!

PARTNER?



YES! JOE PHELAN! DARK SKINNED, RATHER OILY-LOOKING. SEEMED JOLLY, TILL YOU KNEW HIM REAL WELL. THEN THE GREED BEGAN TO SHOW... WHY, ONCE THEY HAD A FIGHT AND LIKED TO KILL EACH OTHER! THAT'S WHEN I MOVED OUT ON OLAF! I'M AFRAID THAT'S ALL I CAN TELL ABOUT HIM, MR. BAILEY!

YOU'VE TOLD ME MORE THAN ENOUGH, MISS SWANSON! THANKS!

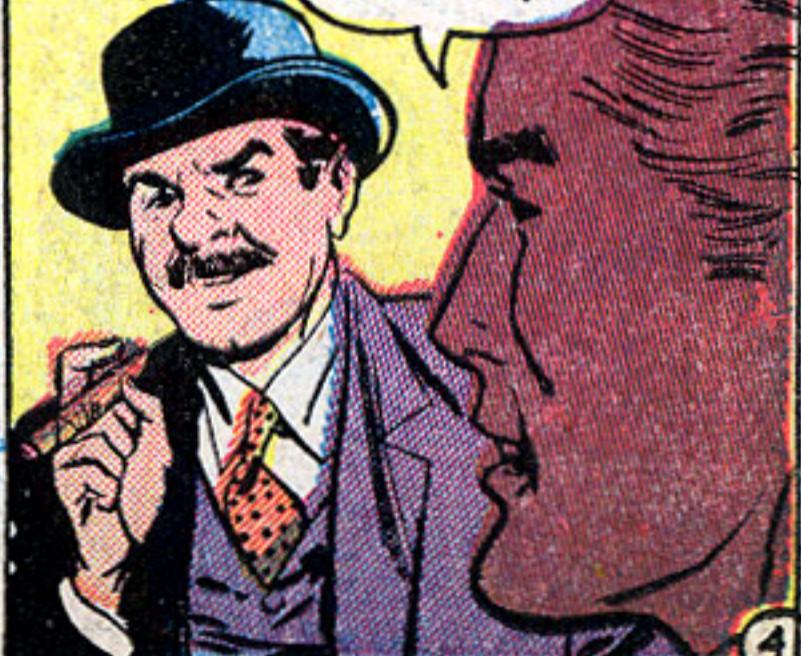
NO RECORD ON ANY PHELAN, BARNEY. IF HE EVER WAS PICKED UP, HE MUST'VE BEEN BOOKED UNDER AN ALIAS!

THAT'S IT, JIM! FROM PHELAN TO FEELEY IS A LOGICAL CHANGE!



YOU MAY HAVE SOMETHING THERE, BARNEY, AND I'VE GOT A SUGGESTION! BUT I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'LL TAKE KINDLY TO IT!

I'M WAY AHEAD OF YOU, JIM! TONIGHT, BARNEY BAILEY WILL SQUIRE A LADY TO THE CASCADES AMUSEMENT PARK!



THAT NIGHT AT THE AMUSEMENT PARK...

I'D KNOW THAT FACE ANYWHERE, MR. BAILEY! THE COMPLEXION, HIS SMILE, AND ESPECIALLY THAT SCAR ALONG HIS CHEEK... THAT'S JOE PHELAN, ALL RIGHT!

THANK YOU, MISS SWANSON!

JIM DUFFY'S WAITING OUTSIDE TO TAKE YOU HOME! I'VE GOT SOME WORK TO DO!

BAILEY PUTS HIS PLAN INTO OPERATION, AND SOON, WORD SPREADS THROUGH THE PARK THAT THERE IS A "BIG SPENDER" GOING THE ROUNDS...

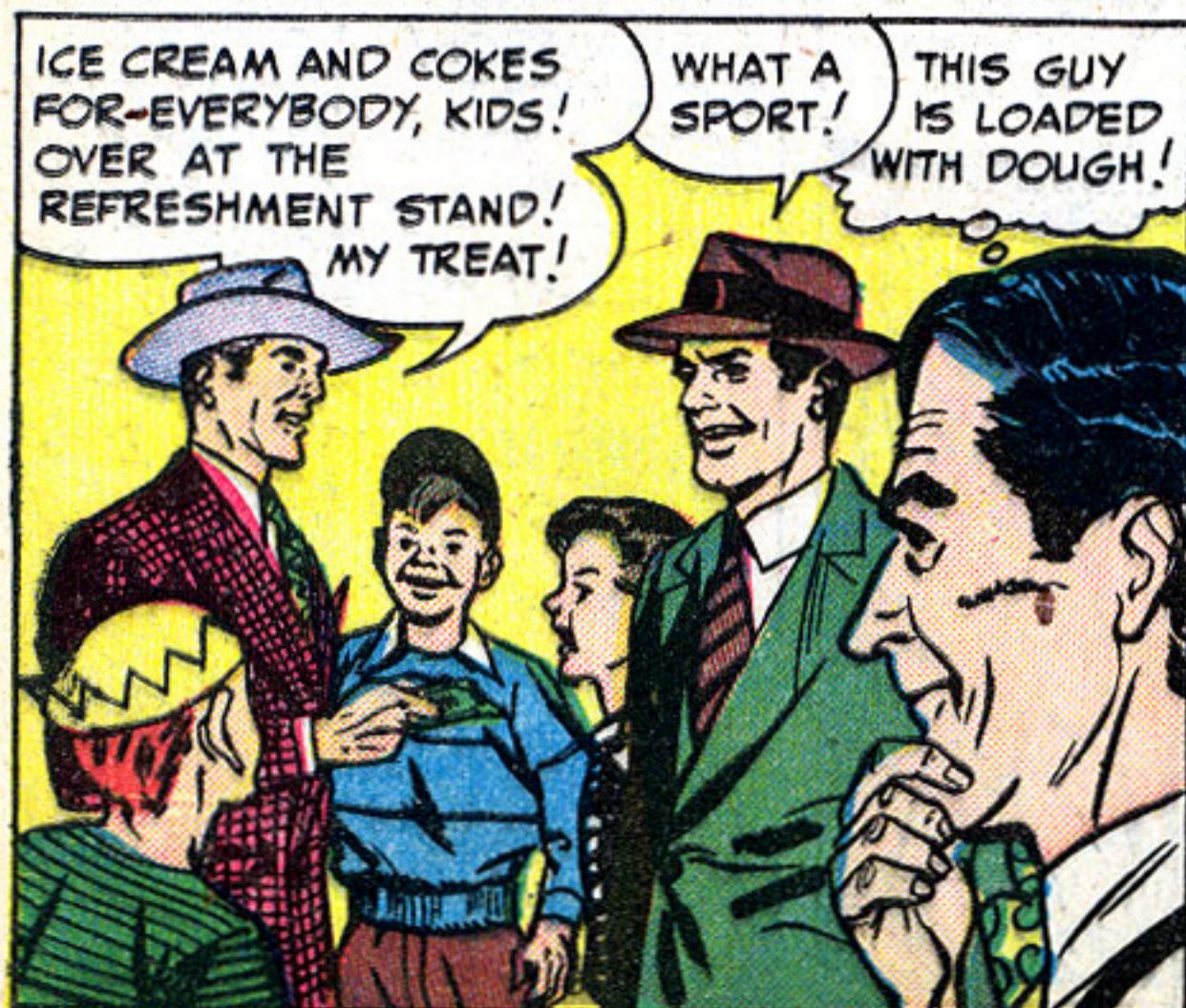
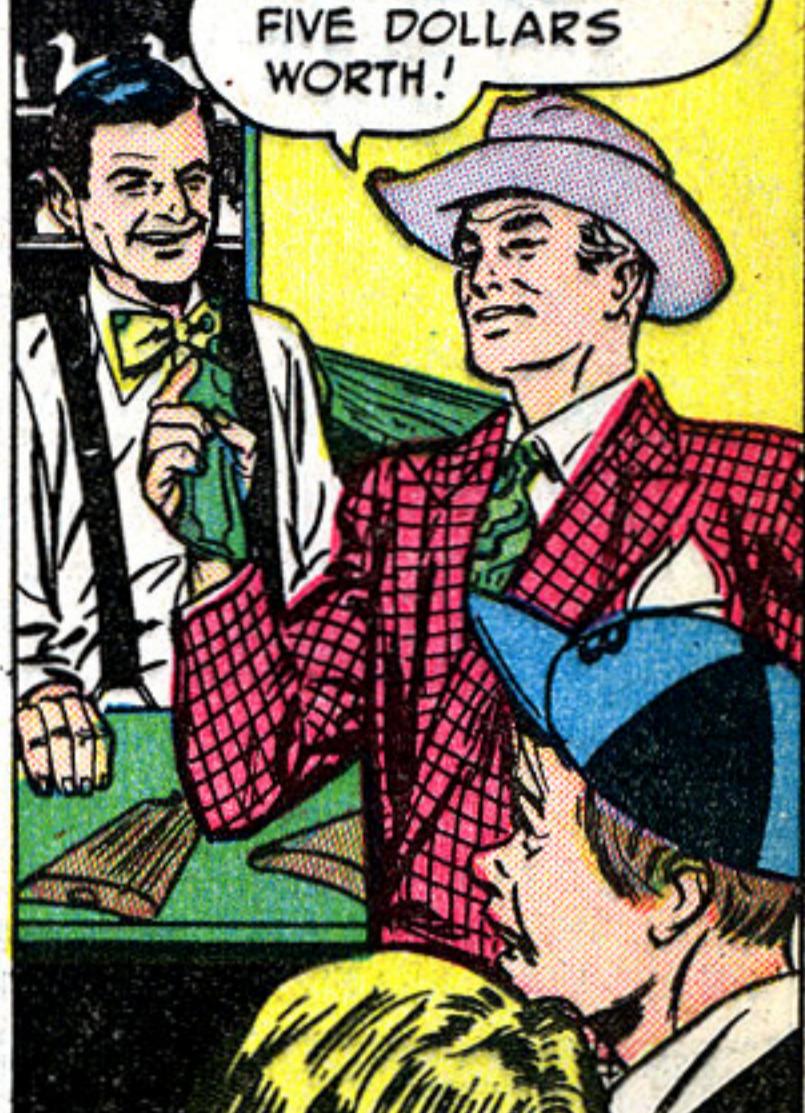
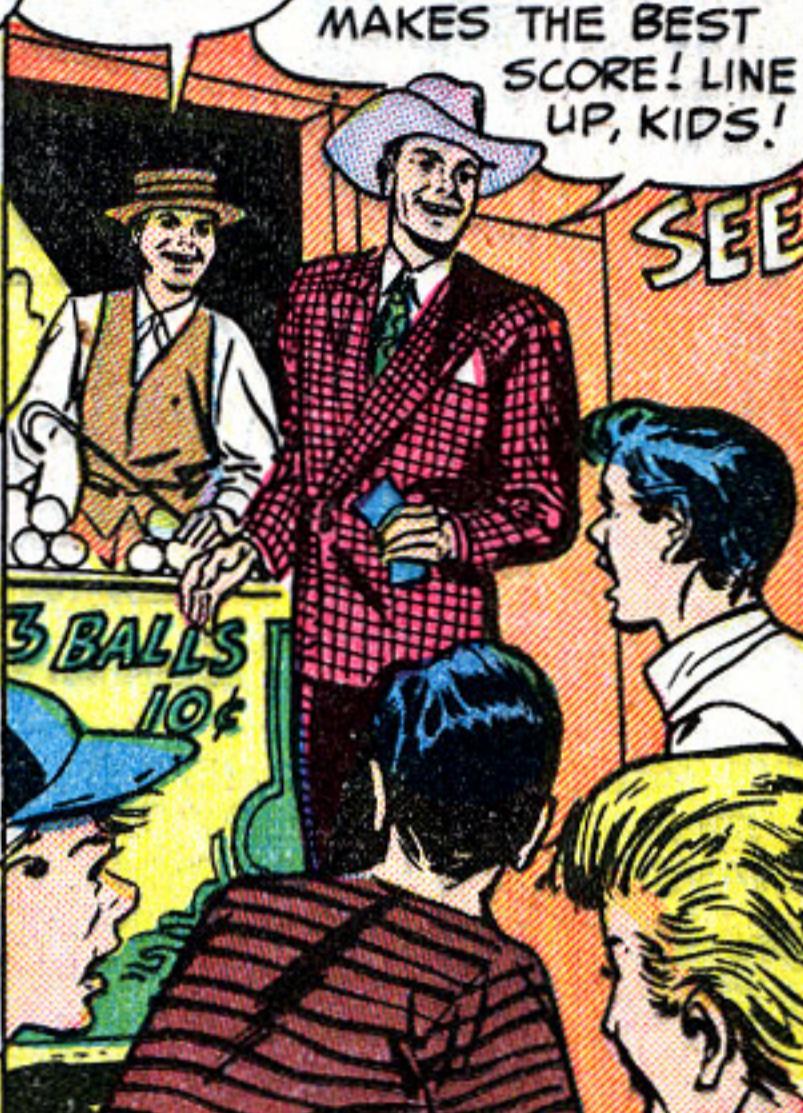
WHAT'LL IT BE, MISTER?

I'LL GIVE FIVE BUCKS TO THE BOY OR GIRL WHO MAKES THE BEST SCORE! LINE UP, KIDS!

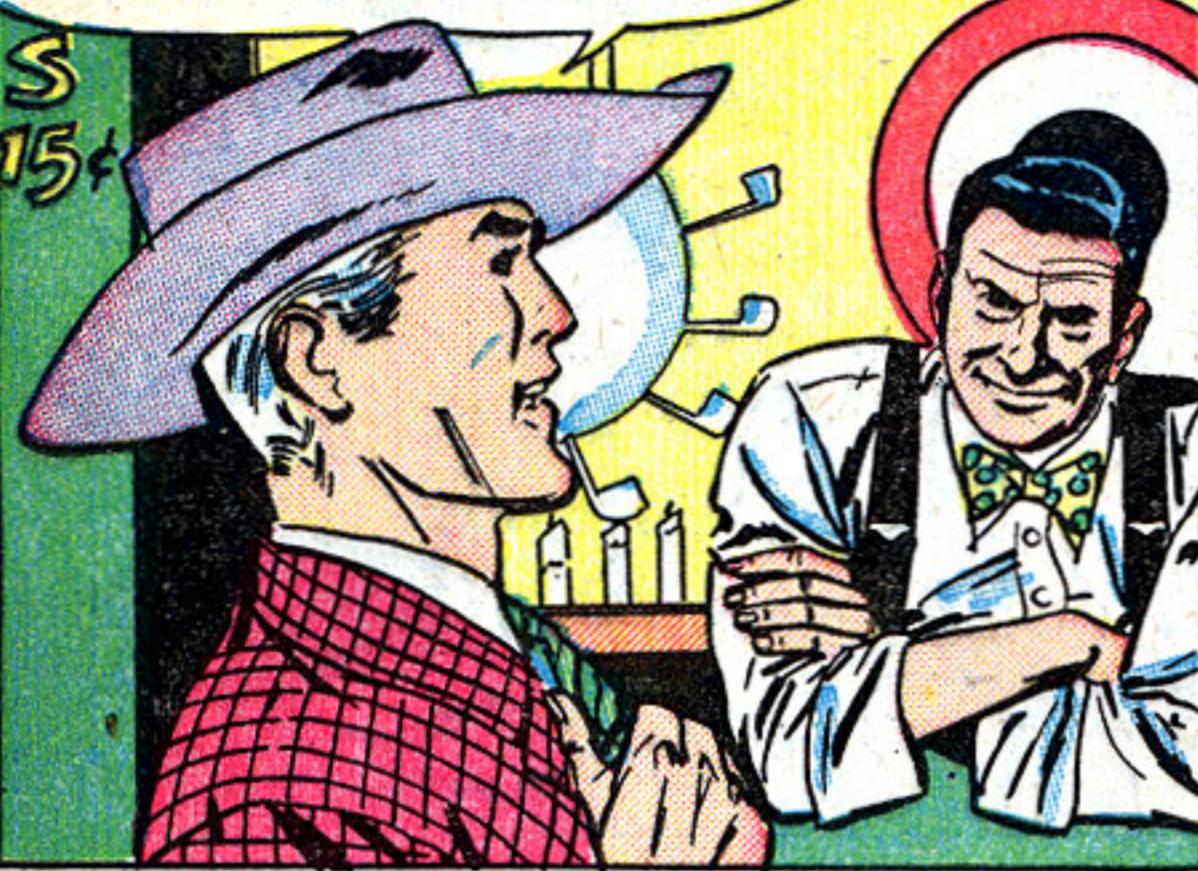
TAKING HIS TIME BAILEY GRADUALLY WORKS HIS WAY TO FEELEY'S BOOTH...

HOW MANY, MISTER?

O.K., KIDS, UP 'TIL NOW YOU'VE BEEN HAVING ALL THE FUN! NOW IT'S MY TURN! I'LL TAKE FIVE DOLLARS WORTH!



WHY, DOWN TEXAS WAY, WHERE I COME FROM, I'VE OFFERED A PURSE OF \$250 TO ANY MAN WHO COULD BEAT MY SHOOTIN'! BUT NONE OF THIS BABY STUFF!

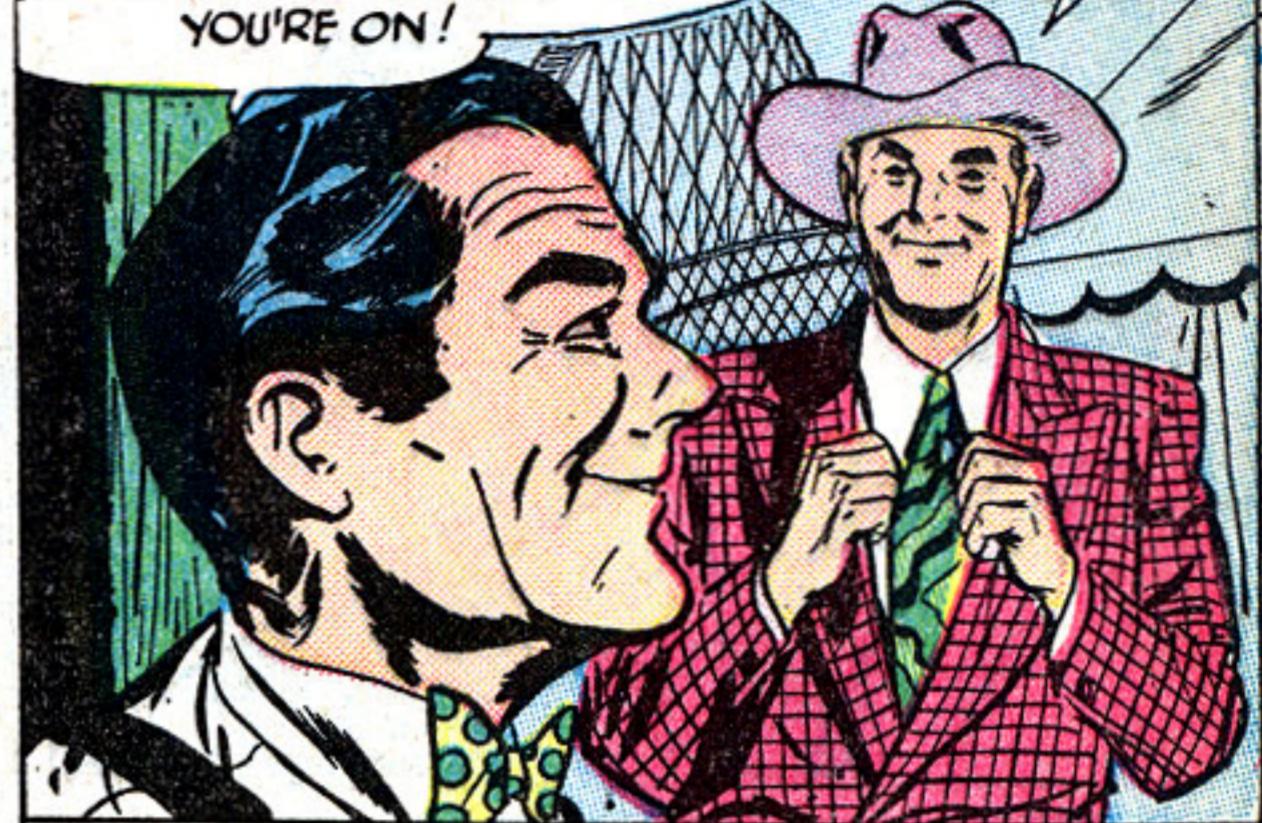


I KNOW JUST WHAT YOU MEAN! I CAN'T CLOSE MY STAND DURING BUSINESS HOURS, BUT IF YOU'LL MEET ME AT TEN TOMORROW MORNING, AT THE 195TH STREET ARMORY

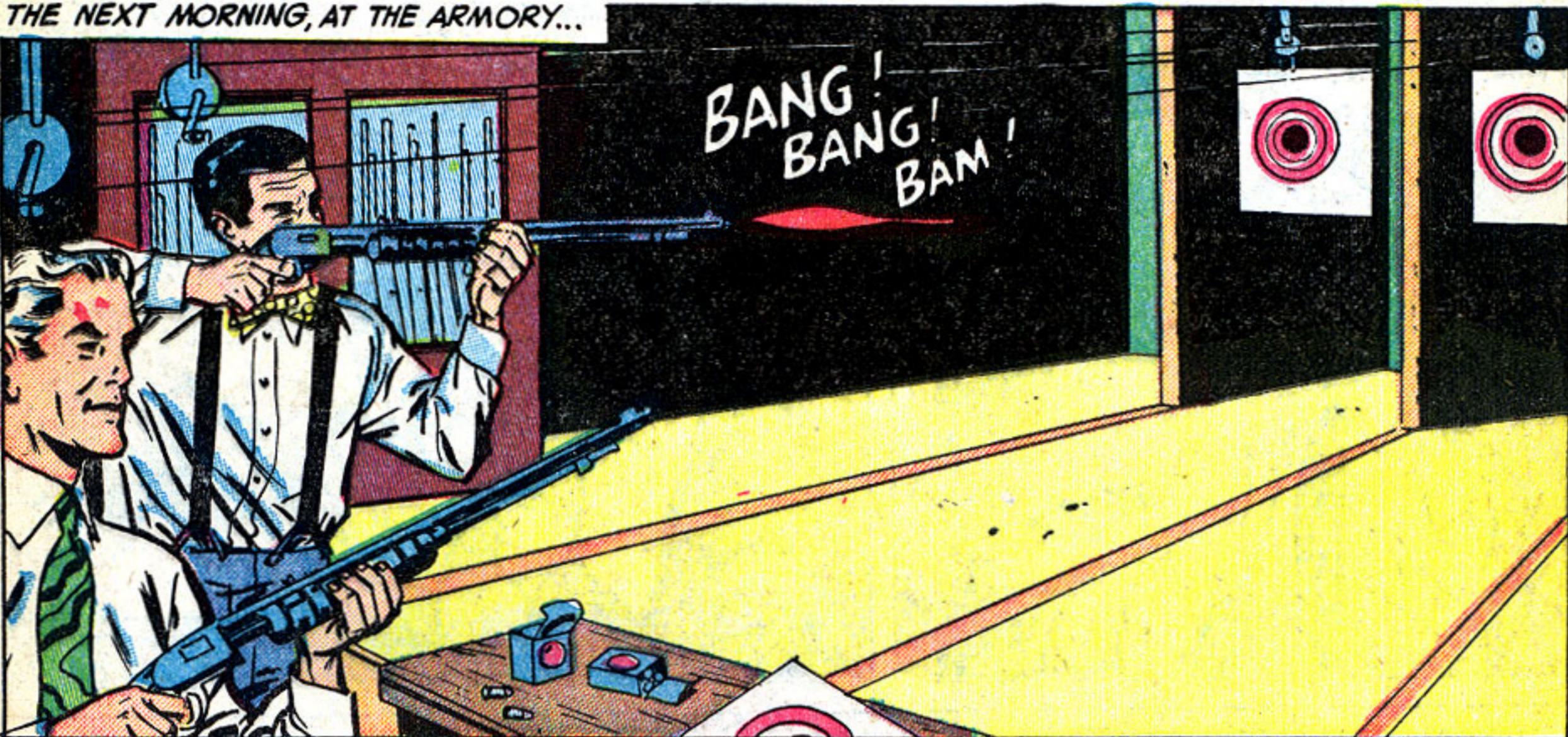
YOU'RE ON!

HE'S TAKEN THE BAIT.

IT'S A DATE, PARDNER!



THE NEXT MORNING, AT THE ARMORY...



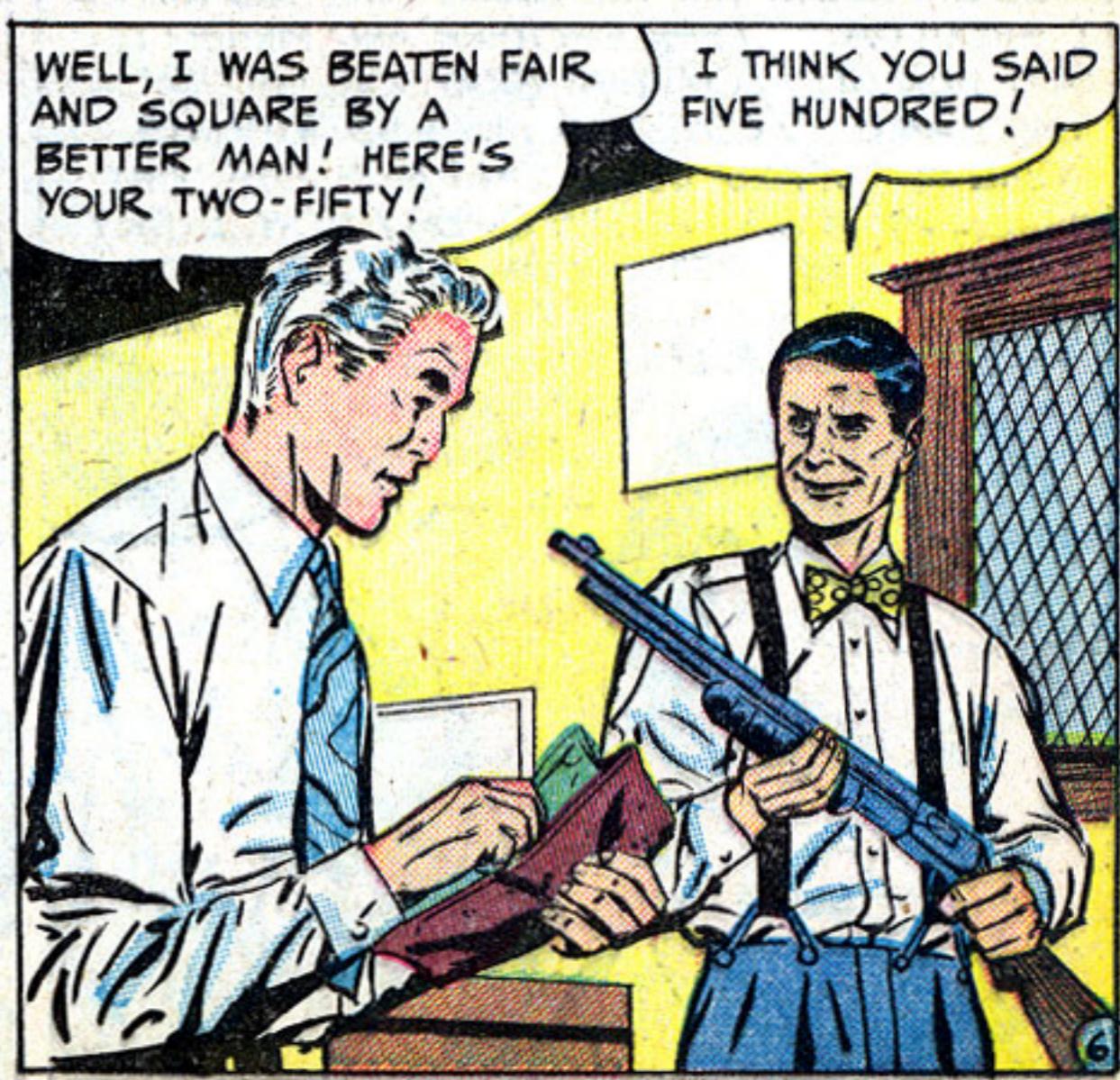
BANG!
BANG!
BAM!

PRETTY GOOD SHOOTIN', MISTER!

I'M A TENDERFOOT COMPARED TO YOU, PARDNER! NEVER SEEN SUCH SHOOTING IN MY LIFE!

WELL, I WAS BEATEN FAIR AND SQUARE BY A BETTER MAN! HERE'S YOUR TWO-FIFTY!

I THINK YOU SAID FIVE HUNDRED!

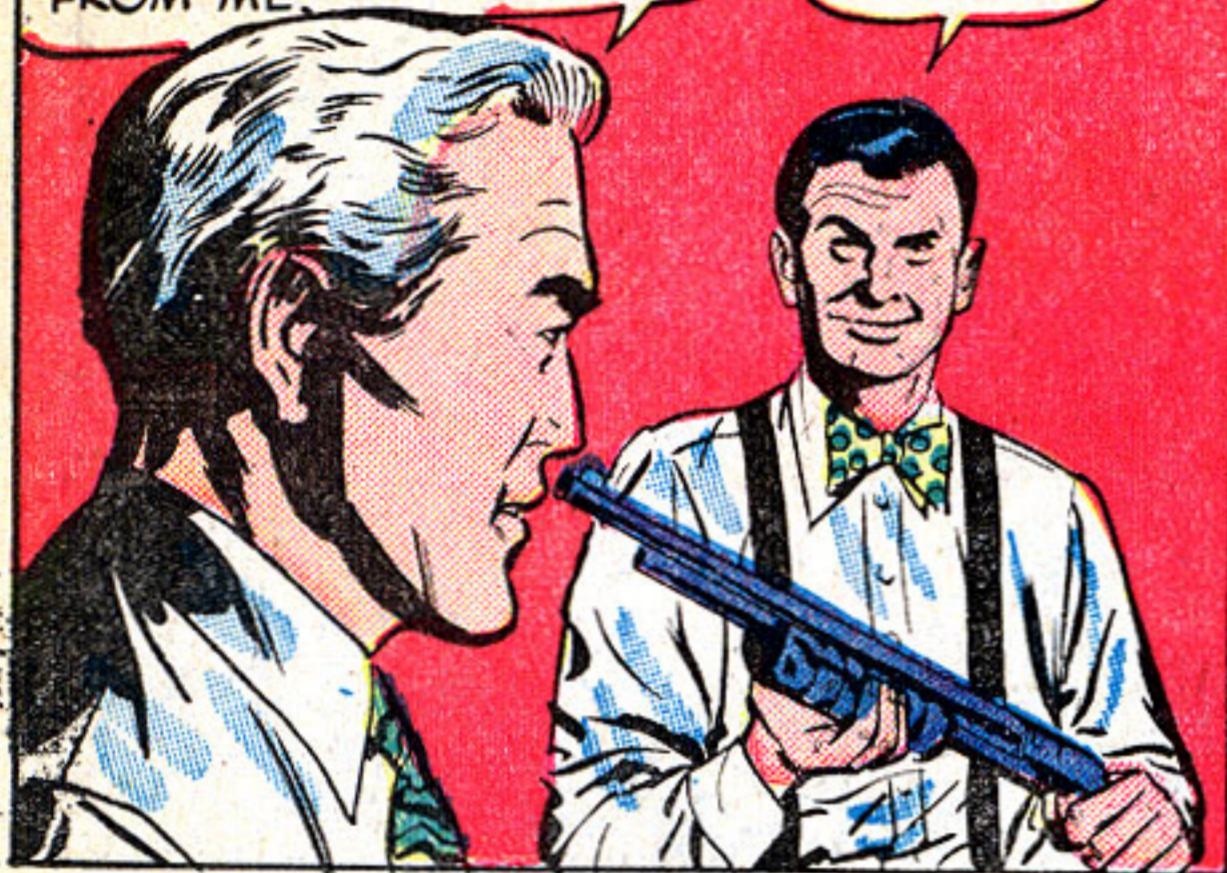


LOOK HERE—I DON'T MIND LOSING MY MONEY IN A FAIR BET, BUT I'M DURNED IF I LET ANYONE **TAKE** IT FROM ME!

THIS GUN COULD BE AN AWFUL GOOD PERSUADER, BUDDY!

I—I WAS ONLY FOOLING, HONEST! HERE'S THE FIVE HUNDRED.

NOW YOU'RE GETTING SMART!



SMARTER THAN YOU THINK, MR. PHELAN!

WHADDAYA MEAN?



HE MEANS, PHELAN, THAT THE COURT IS GOING TO WANT TO KNOW WHY YOU SWORE YOU KNEW NOTHING ABOUT GUNS; WHY YOU NEVER MENTIONED THAT YOU AND SWANSON HAD BEEN PARTNERS AND SPLIT UP!

YOU'RE BLUFFING! YOU CAN'T PROVE A THING!

MAYBE WE

CAN'T, BUT SWANSON'S SISTER REMEMBERS YOU AND YOUR FIGHTS WITH HER BROTHER!



ELLIE SWANSON! I SHOULDA GOT HER AT THE SAME TIME —

AT THE SAME TIME YOU KILLED HER BROTHER AND PINNED IT ON THAT GRAYSON LAD BY COVERING HIS FINGERPRINTS AND USING THAT GUN, EH? JUST COME ALONG QUIETLY NOW. EVERY SO OFTEN ONE OF YOUR KIND TRIES TO GET AWAY WITH IT! THEY NEVER LEARN THAT

NOBODY CHEATS THE HANGMAN!



A FEW WEEKS LATER...

HOW CAN WE EVER THANK YOU, MR. BAILEY? WHAT CAN WE SAY OR DO?

DON'T THANK ME, DON!

IT'S ENOUGH SATISFACTION TO ME THAT WE PREVENTED A GRAVE MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE. FEELEY AND HIS KIND ARE A THREAT TO SOCIETY, BUT OUR COUNTRY—AND THE WORLD—NEEDS GOOD CITIZENS AND STRAIGHT-SHOOTERS LIKE YOU!



The End

FLYBOY

Thrilling adventures of
Flying Cadets!

the HAWK

Fighting Marshal of the
American Desert!

**SPACE
BUSTERS**

Daredevil adventures in
the limitless void!

**SPEED
SMITH**

King of the Hot Rods!
Thrilling Speedway Action!

**EERIE
MYSTERIES**

Journeys into realms of
fantasy!

Beanbags

Great new star on the
laugh horizon!

**EXPLORER
JOE**

Daring trail blazer of new
frontiers!

Wild Boy

Boldest jungle adventurer
of them all!

**KID
COWBOY**

Boy marvel of the wild
west!

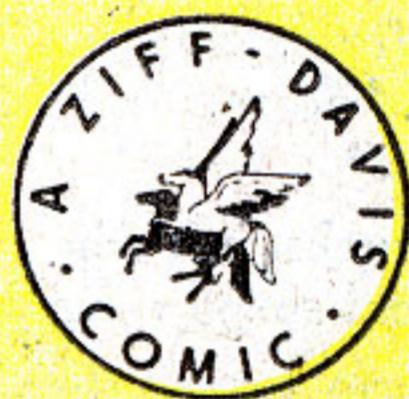
SPARKIE

America's beloved radio
Pixie!

(NOW MONTHLY)

THRILLS! ADVENTURE!

LOOK FOR
THESE
SYMBOLS



**WHOLESOME
READING FOR
THE ENTIRE FAMILY**

**THE CRIME
CLINIC**

Can crime be cured? Com-
bat it with Dr. Tom Rogers,
prison psychiatrist!

**CRUSADER
from
MARS**

Unearthly visitor from
another world!

WEIRD

Thrillers
Spine-tingling tales of the
bizarre and unusual!

G.I. Joe

Exciting battle action with
the U. S. Infantry at war!

**ELLERY
QUEEN**

Mystery and murder with
the world's greatest de-
tective!

(MONTHLY)

THE CRIMINAL ALWAYS LOSES

The Old Con Game, A True Story

REGINALD P. REGAN was obviously an out-of-towner. Standing in the lobby of one of New York's finest hotels in ten-gallon hat and high heels, Regan looked the part of a wealthy rancher. Reginald Regan was a sportsman, and here he was in New York, sports mecca of the world. He strode over to the desk, and in a booming voice he asked the clerk, "Say, young feller, would it be possible for me to get a couple of tickets to the fights at the Garden? I know it's kinda late, but I'm ready to pay the price." He reached into his pocket and brought out a wad of twenty-dollar bills.

The room clerk coughed. "If you'll wait a moment, sir, I'll check."

A few moments later he told Regan the sad news. "Sorry, sir, there's nothing to be had anywhere."

"Shucks, just when I was plannin' to have some fun and spend some of this cow money."

Regan turned, head down, and slowly walked toward the elevator.

"Excuse me, sir," a crisp, business-like voice called out. "Aren't you Mr. Regan?"

Reginald Regan looked up into the face of a tall, suave-looking man in his early thirties. "Yes, I am..."

"I couldn't help overhearing your conversation. Perhaps I may be of some service to you. I heard you asking about a ticket to the boxing bouts, and it so happens I have two ringsides right here. I've been waiting for a friend, but it appears he isn't coming. I'd be flattered if you'd accompany me. Hate to see a sporting event alone."

"Oh, I couldn't—your friend would be disappointed."

"Not at all, Mr. Regan. It was understood that if he didn't show up by seven-thirty sharp I was to go on alone. I insist that you join me."

The stranger grasped the delighted Regan by the arm and led him out the hotel door, and into a waiting taxicab.

It was a fine fight and the stranger, who had introduced himself as Harry Nicholson, and the Westerner seemed to hit it off rather well. As the

crowds drifted out of the Garden after the final bout, Regan was profuse in his thanks to the handsome Nicholson.

"Real Western hospitality, sir. Never expected to meet up with it here in the big town. I'm much obliged to you."

Harry graciously waved away the other's thanks. As they were about to part company for the evening, he said, "Reg, I'm staying at the Beldrome. Why not drop by tomorrow night and have dinner with me? Then, if you like, I can show you the town. Maybe take in a few bright lights."

Regan's eyes lit up. "Wonderful, Harry! Now you're talking. And this time just you sit back and let old Reg Regan foot the bills."

For the next two weeks Regan and Nicholson were constant companions. There wasn't a horse race, boxing bout, baseball game, night-club or theatre that they didn't attend. Regan, the lanky Westerner, in his boots, tight fitting trousers, beat-up ten gallon hat, and Nicholson in his finely-tailored clothes, homburg hat and linen handkerchiefs.

One evening as Regan was bidding Harry good night, he was called over to the night desk by the clerk.

"Mr. Regan, do you know who your companion is?" asked the night clerk.

"Why, shore, that's Harry Nicholson, a gentleman and a good sport."

The night clerk shuffled his feet nervously and made a few gurgling noises as he attempted to clear his throat. "Mr. Regan, I hate to tell you this, but his name is no more Nicholson than mine is Joe Stalin. That's 'Sugar' Harry Reed, the slickest confidence man and card sharp in town. I don't like to interfere in your personal affairs, but he's the biggest swindler in this or any other town. If I were you I'd shake him fast."

"That's odd," mused Regan out loud, "he's been more than sporting in picking up checks and not once has he mentioned a card game. Are you shore?"

"You bet I'm sure, Mr. Regan! Watch your step!"

Regan looked thoughtfully at the ceiling for a moment then turned to the clerk and said, "I'm mighty obliged for your interest, son. Here's a twenty-dollar bill. And, if you like, I'll bet you another twenty that this 'Sugar' fellow, card sharp or no, can't beat Reg Regan in a poker game."

"Thanks for the twenty, Mr. Regan, but I'm afraid I can't take you up on the bet."

The following evening Harry "Sugar" Nicholson called on Regan as usual. Regan was waiting for him in the lobby of the hotel. The doors suddenly swung open and in came Nicholson, wearing a dripping raincoat and a thoroughly drenched hat.

"Hi there, Reg. Looks like our baseball game is kind of washed out for this evening!"

"It shore looks that way. Drat it! I shore as heck don't intend to sit around here all night long."

"Say," called out Harry, slapping Regan playfully on the back, "how'd you like to while away the evening in a friendly little poker game? I've some friends right here in the hotel, and I'll bet they're looking for a way to pass the time, too."

So the clerk was right! "Sugar" was "making his pitch."

But if Reg Regan was wise to Harry "Sugar" Nicholson, he gave no indication, for he gaily returned the slap on the back. "Harry, you young coyote, I've been dying for a game since I hit town. You go to that house 'phone right now, and tell your friends to start shufflin' those decks."

Harry's friends proved to be rather pleasant, convivial people. Their humor was tangy, their speech intelligent. And Reg certainly couldn't complain about their choice of cigars or liquor.

As the evening wore on he couldn't complain about the way they dealt the cards, either. If these fellows were crooked, the big stack of red and blue chips in front of Reg's seat didn't speak much for their peculiar talents.

"Well, that'll do me for tonight," breathed one of Harry's friends, as he smilingly threw down his cards and pushed himself away from the table.

As if this were a signal, the others, too, decided to call it a night. And quite a night for Reg—he had more than one thousand dollars worth of chips before him. So these were the hot-shot New York card sharps, eh?

"What's that, Harry? Say you want to play tomorrow night? Why, shore—I kind of like this game. Them Giants can lose without me watching them, Ha, ha, ha!"

The following night this congenial group met once again. The cigars were still of the same fine quality, the liquor was better than ever, but Reg

Regan was getting sucker hands. He'd draw a small straight and get beaten by a larger one. His three of a kind always lost to a straight or flush. His high straights lost to full houses. Reg Regan was getting hands that forced him to bet—but Reg couldn't win a single "pot." He was being taken, but good.

At last, with his funds depleted, Reg Regan made one desperate bid to pull himself out. He put up a sizable portion of his ranch, and bet another portion on the basis of his hand. But luck wasn't with him, and Harry "Sugar" Nicholson won the hand.

"Look, Harry. I'll give you another portion of the ranch for some ready cash, and then I guess I'd better pack up. I'm almost flat busted now."

This is what Harry had been waiting for. He wasn't known as the mastermind swindler for nothing. Reginald Regan's financial background had been thoroughly investigated before the card game. "Tell you what, Reg. Sign over the rest of the ranch to me, and I'll pay you fourteen thousand in cash. Half a ranch is no good to you, and that's a lot of cash I'm offering. I've always wanted to settle down out West."

Reg was a beaten man. He complied with Nicholson's request almost as if he were in a daze. The papers were signed then and there and the money changed hands. As Reg stumbled from the room, Harry turned to his cohorts and cackled, "Hah, hah, that ranch is worth a cool hundred grand. Just call me 'cowboy,' fellows."

A few weeks later as Harry "Sugar" Reed Nicholson was preparing his bags for the journey West to his new ranch, he learned that Reg Regan had just returned to the hotel. Harry quickly dashed down to greet his old "friend" and perhaps needle him a bit on their transaction.

He knocked on Reg's door. A short, dumpy-looking fellow in old tweeds answered, "Yes, may I help you?"

"Yes, I'd like to see Reg Regan."

"I'm Regan."

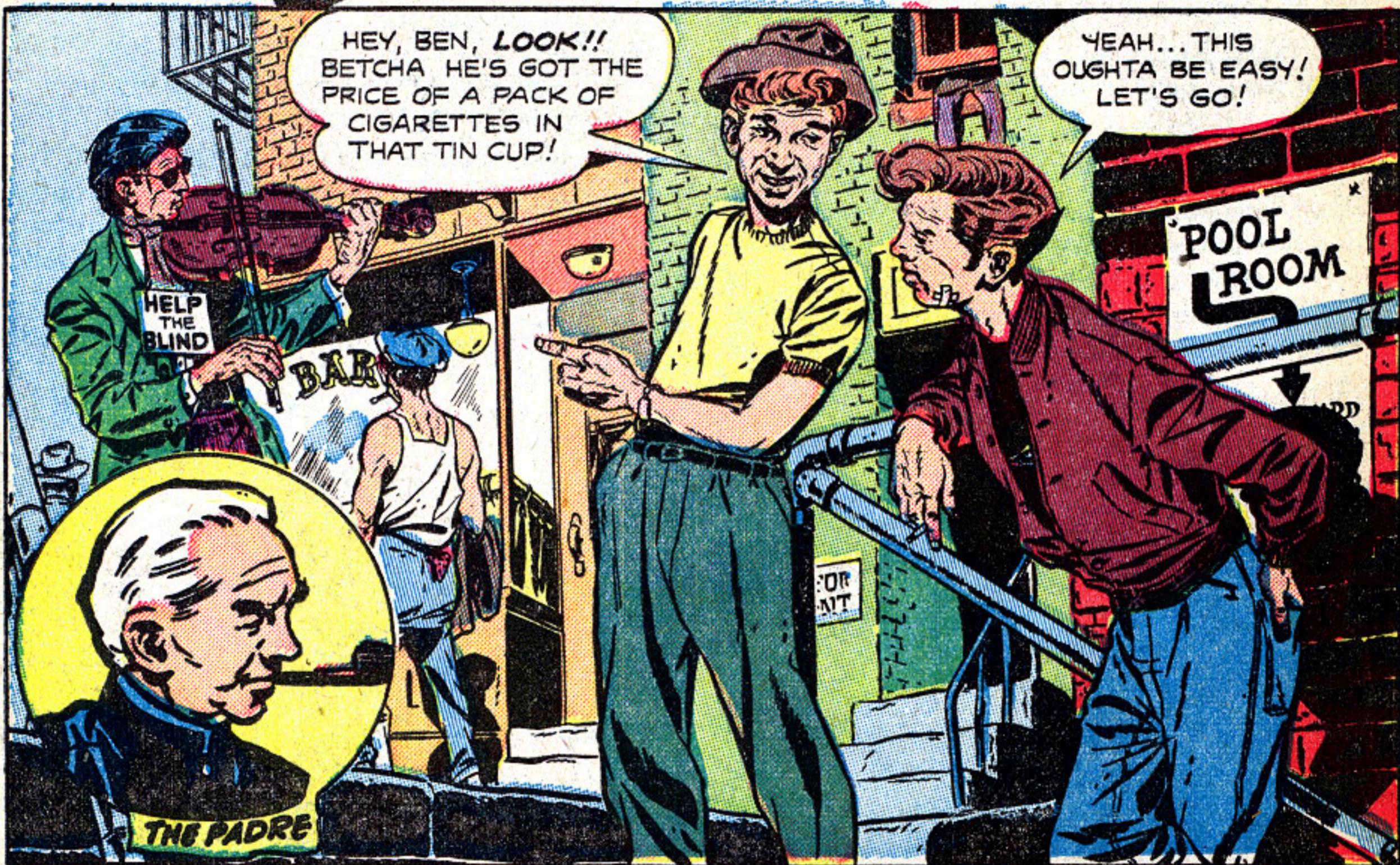
"Stop joking," snapped Harry, "I know Regan when I see him. We're close friends. Just tell him Harry Nicholson is here to see him."

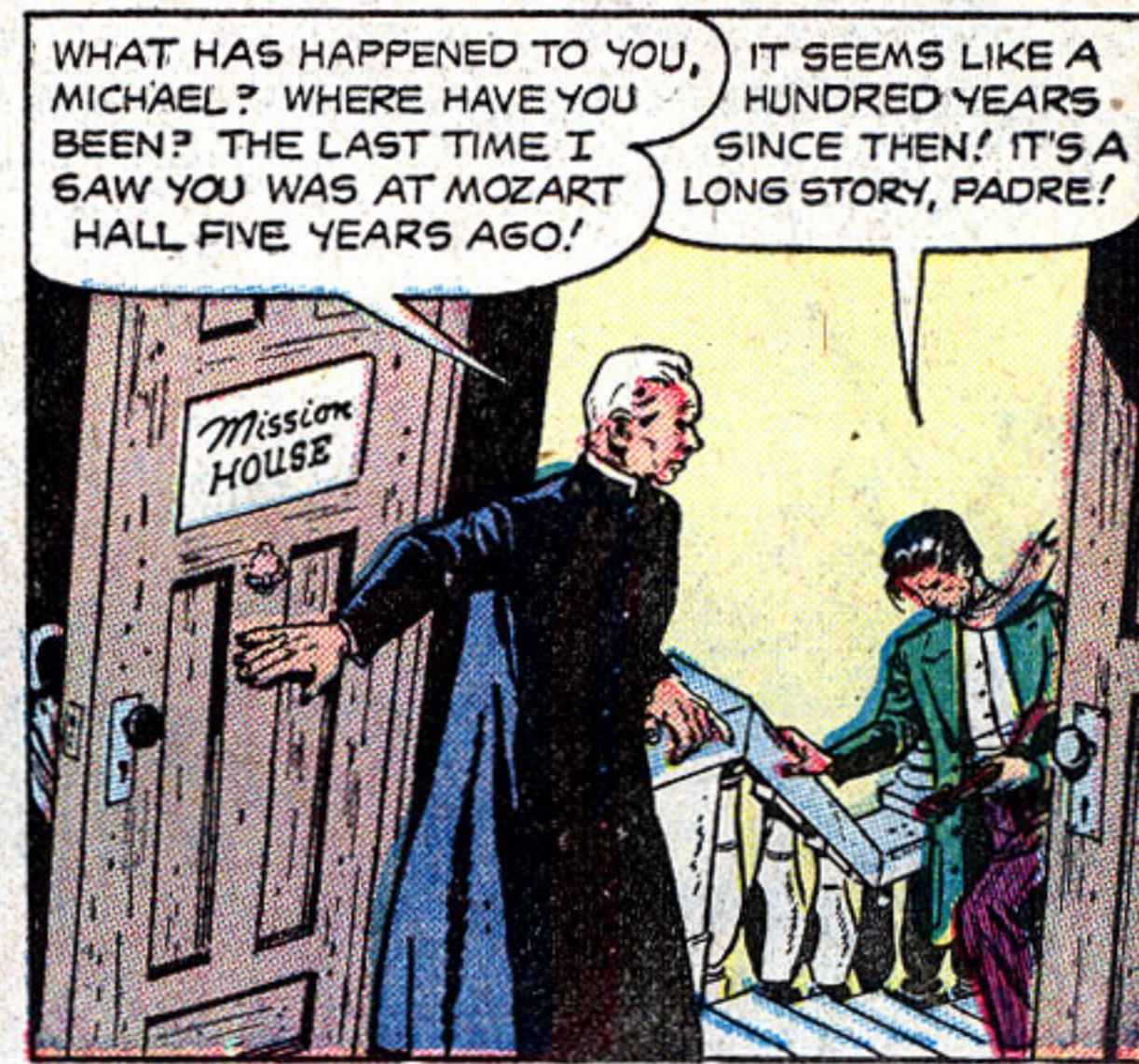
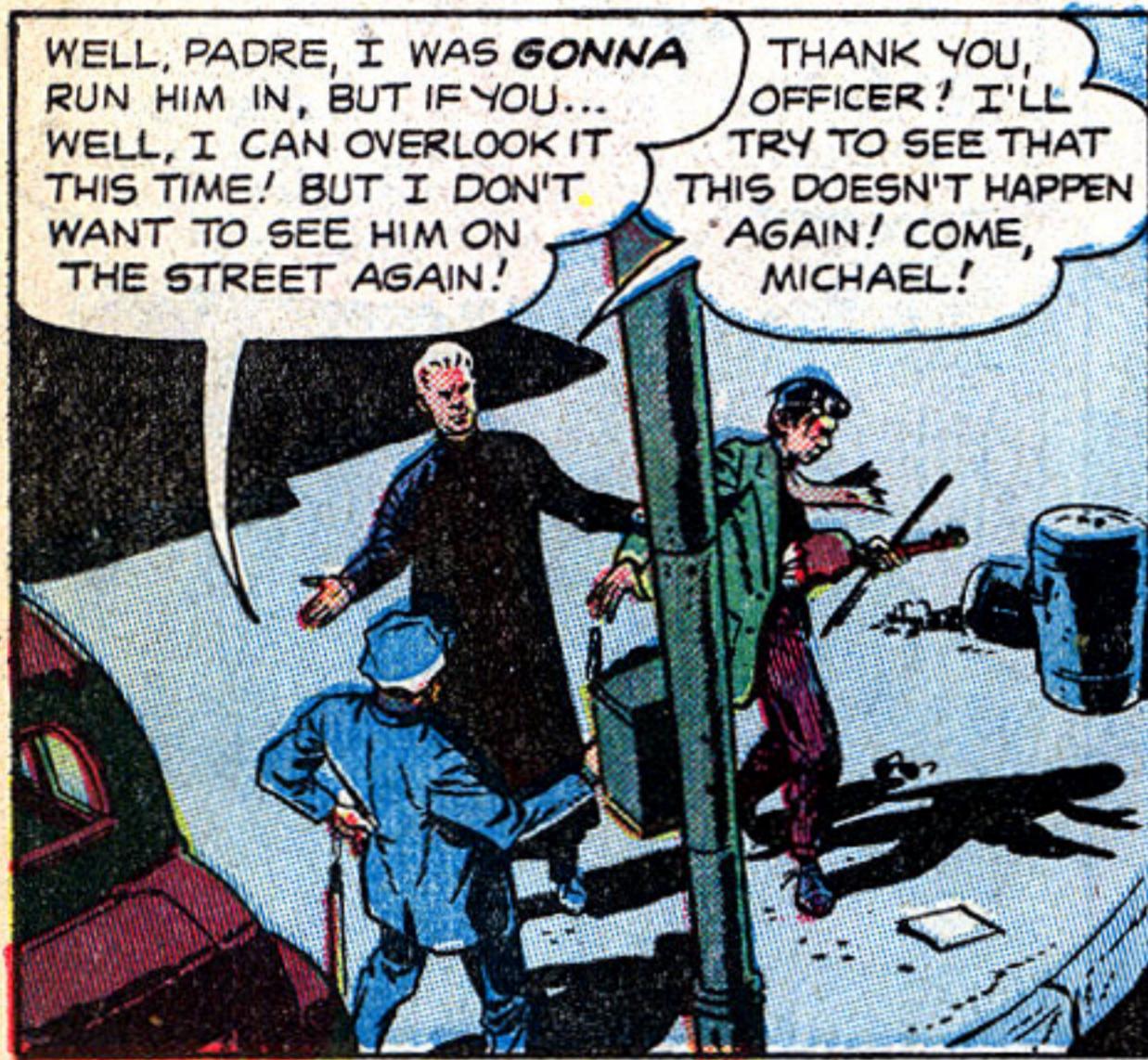
"Ho, ho, ha, ha, ha! So you're Harry Nicholson. My cow-hand, Bart Haskins, told me about you. You're the fellow who tried to cheat him in a card game when he came to New York on a vacation and used my name. Mr. Nicholson, I have news for you. I am Reginald P. Regan and this is one case where the 'biter' has been bitten—the swindler swindled!"

THE END

THE PADRE in *Sidewalk Serenade*

IN THE NARROW SLUM STREETS OF THE PADRE'S NEIGHBORHOOD, WHERE CROWDED TENEMENTS BREED MISERY, EACH TWISTED LIFE HAS ITS OWN STRANGE STORY. FOR EXAMPLE, HERE IS THE BLIND FIDDLER, WHO PLAYS ONLY TO ATTRACT A FEW PENNIES TO HIS BATTERED TIN CUP...



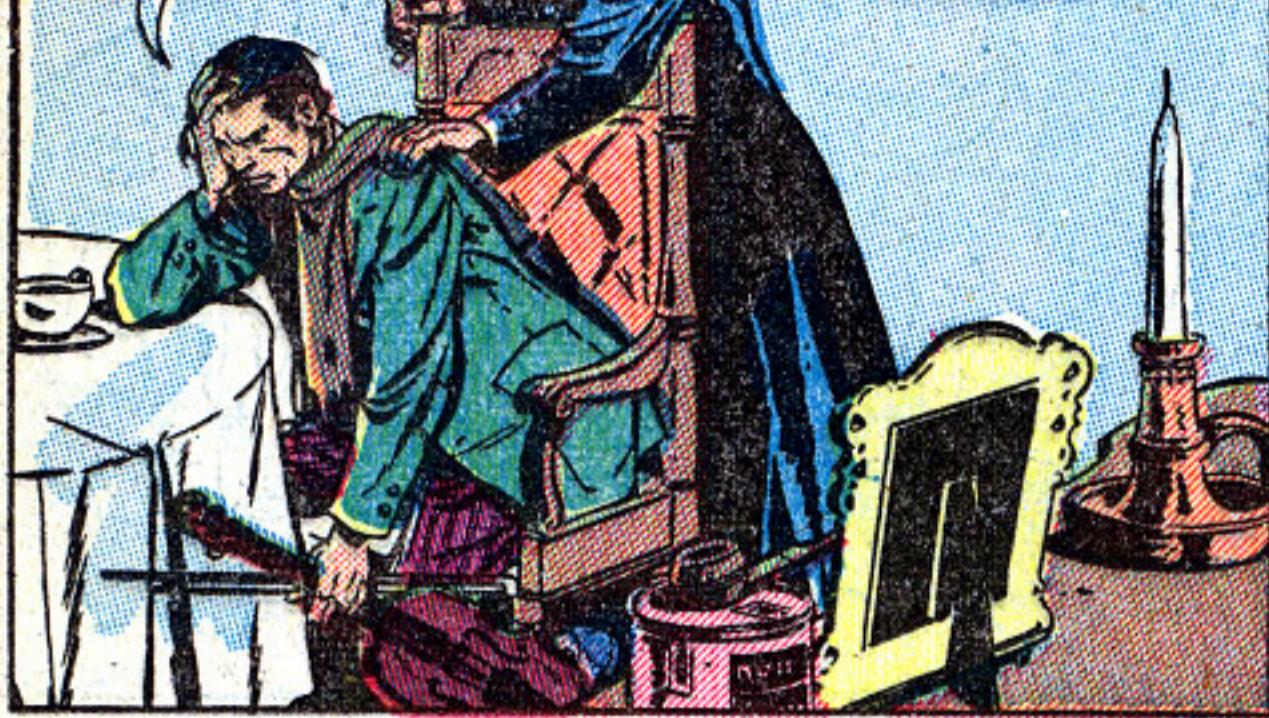


MY ARM HAS HEALED SINCE THEN, PADRE, BUT I'VE NEVER PLAYED ANOTHER CONCERT! I'D BE AFRAID OF WHAT WOULD HAPPEN ONCE I GOT OUT ON STAGE!

SHOCK, MICHAEL, BUT YOU'VE NEVER GIVEN SOMETHING ELSE A CHANCE TO HEAL -- YOUR SELF-CONFIDENCE!

I WANT YOU TO CONSIDER THIS YOUR HOME, MICHAEL! STAY HERE AS LONG AS YOU LIKE. I EXPECT ONLY ONE THING FROM YOU... PRACTICE! PRACTICE TILL IT HURTS!

PADRE, I COULD NEVER REPAY YOU! I'LL TRY! I'LL MAKE THIS VIOLIN SING AGAIN!

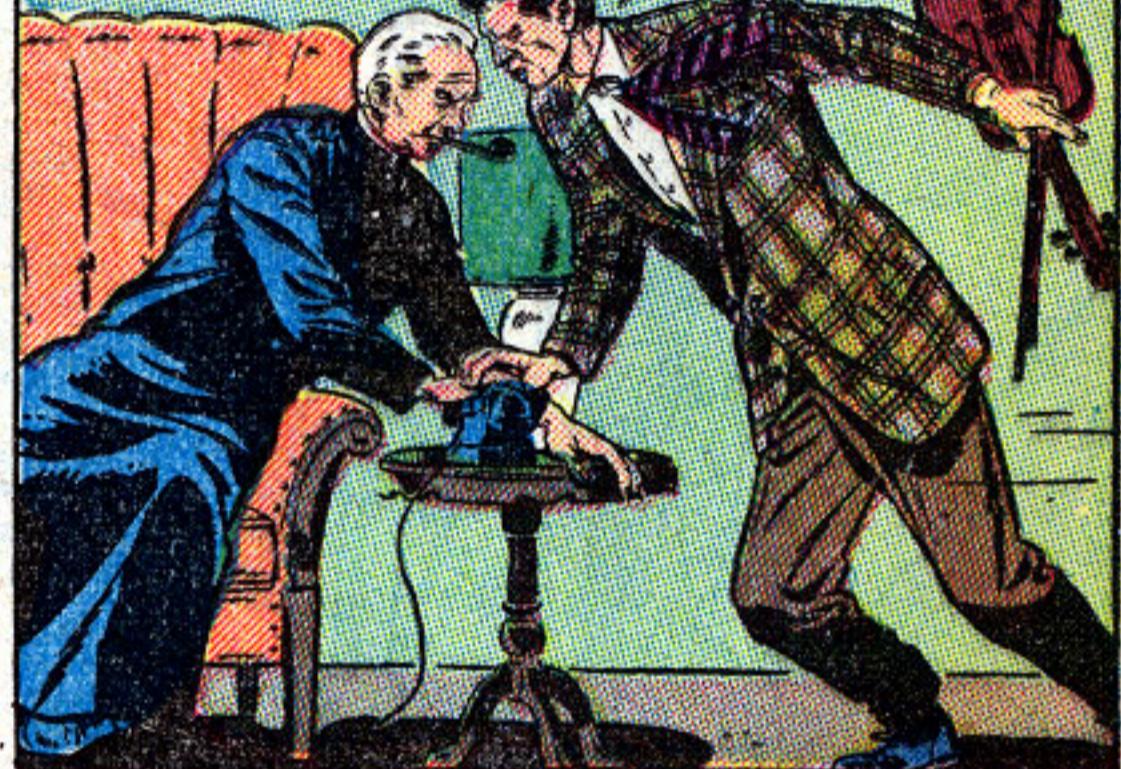
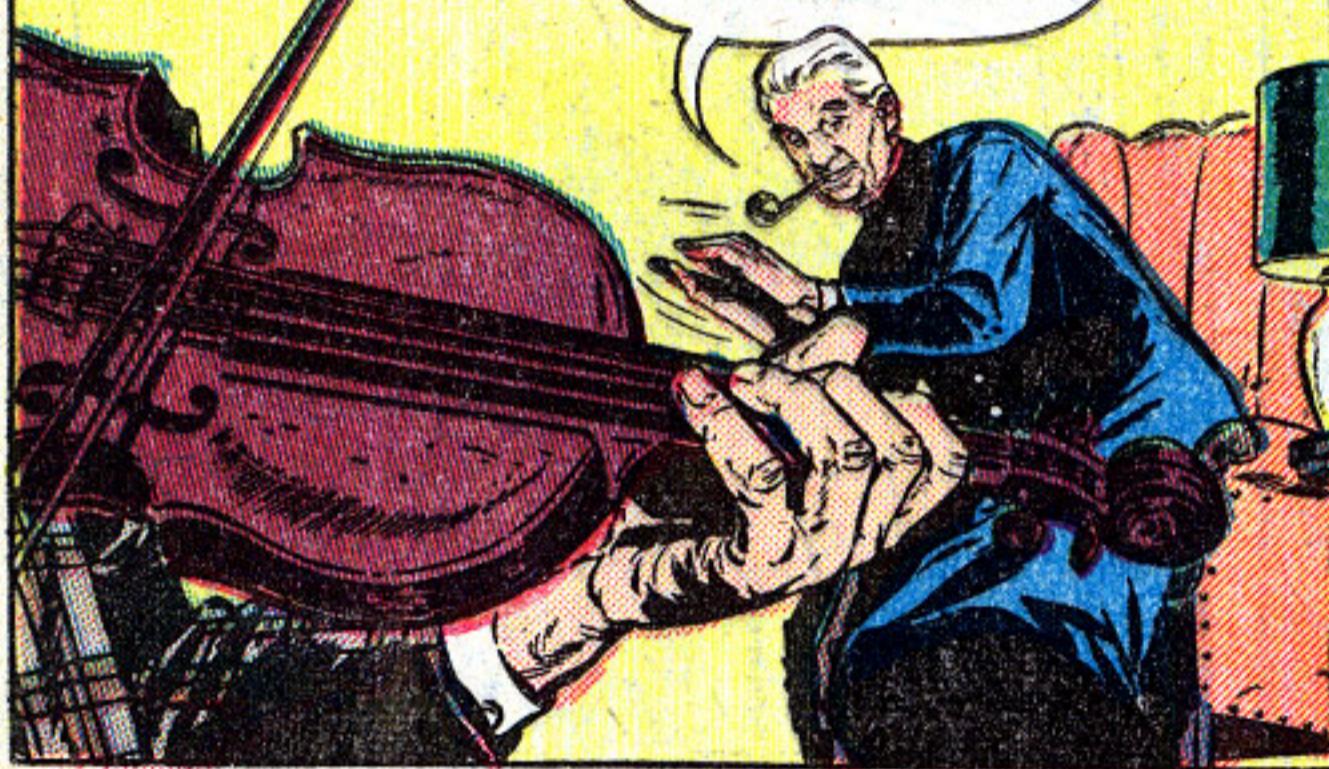


AS THE WEEKS PASSED, MICHAEL BECAME A DEVOTED SLAVE TO HIS MUSIC...

BRAVO! MAGNIFICENT! MICHAEL, I'VE NEVER HEARD YOU PLAY WITH SUCH FEELING BEFORE! I'LL HAVE TO ARRANGE FOR AN AUDITION WITH AN AGENT! YOU MAY BE READY FOR THE CONCERT STAGE AGAIN!

I'LL CALL MR. JUROK, OF CONTINENTAL!

NO, PADRE, PLEASE! I CAN PLAY THIS WAY FOR YOU -- BUT I'D ONLY MAKE A FOOL OF MYSELF BEFORE HIM! I'M NOT READY YET!



THE PADRE WAITED ANOTHER WEEK, AND THEN...

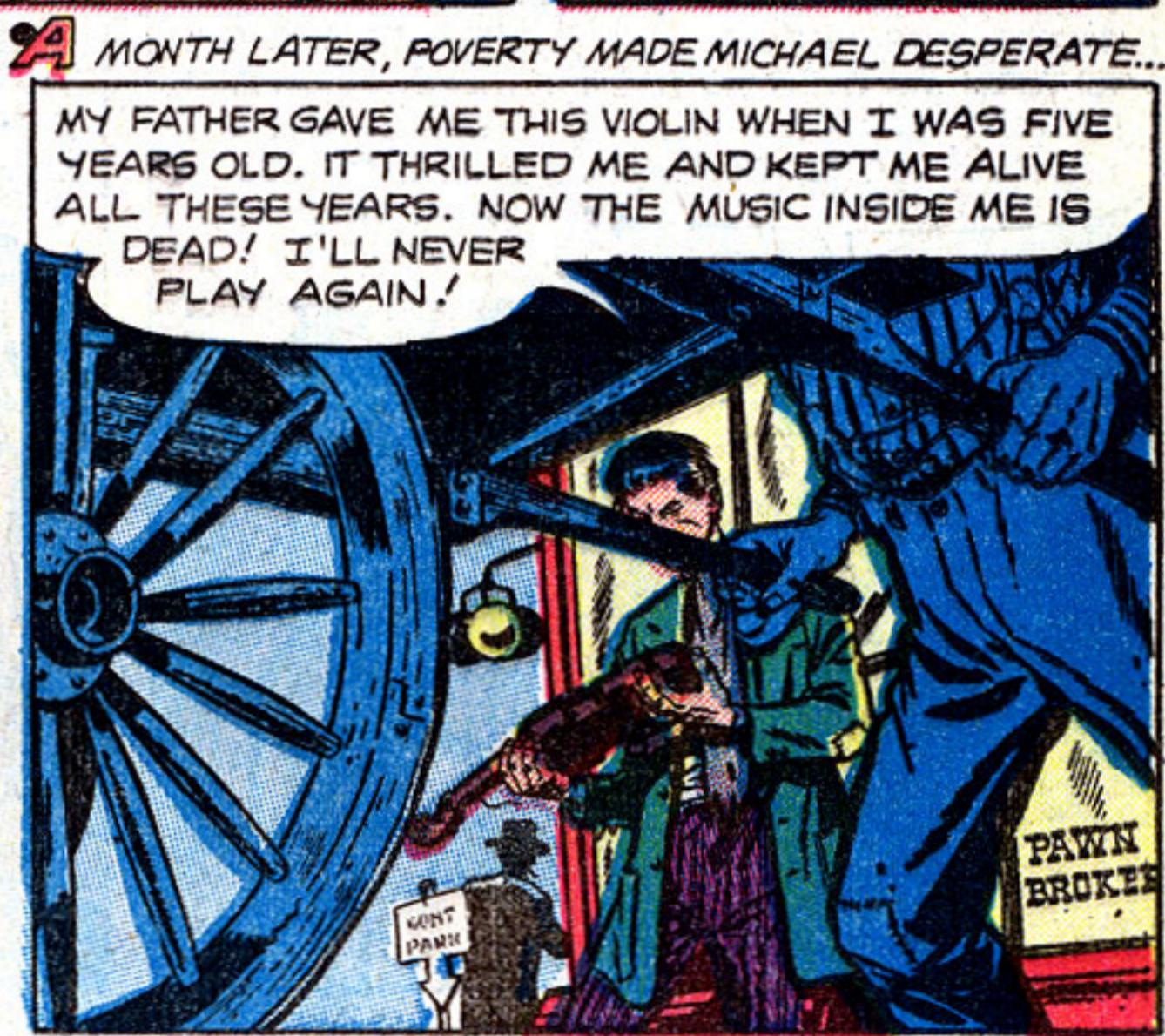
AAAHH, HERE WE ARE! LET ME SEE THIS BOY, PADRE! I REMEMBER HIS WONDERFUL DEBUT, BUT I THOUGHT HIS ACCIDENT HAD RUINED HIM PERMANENTLY!

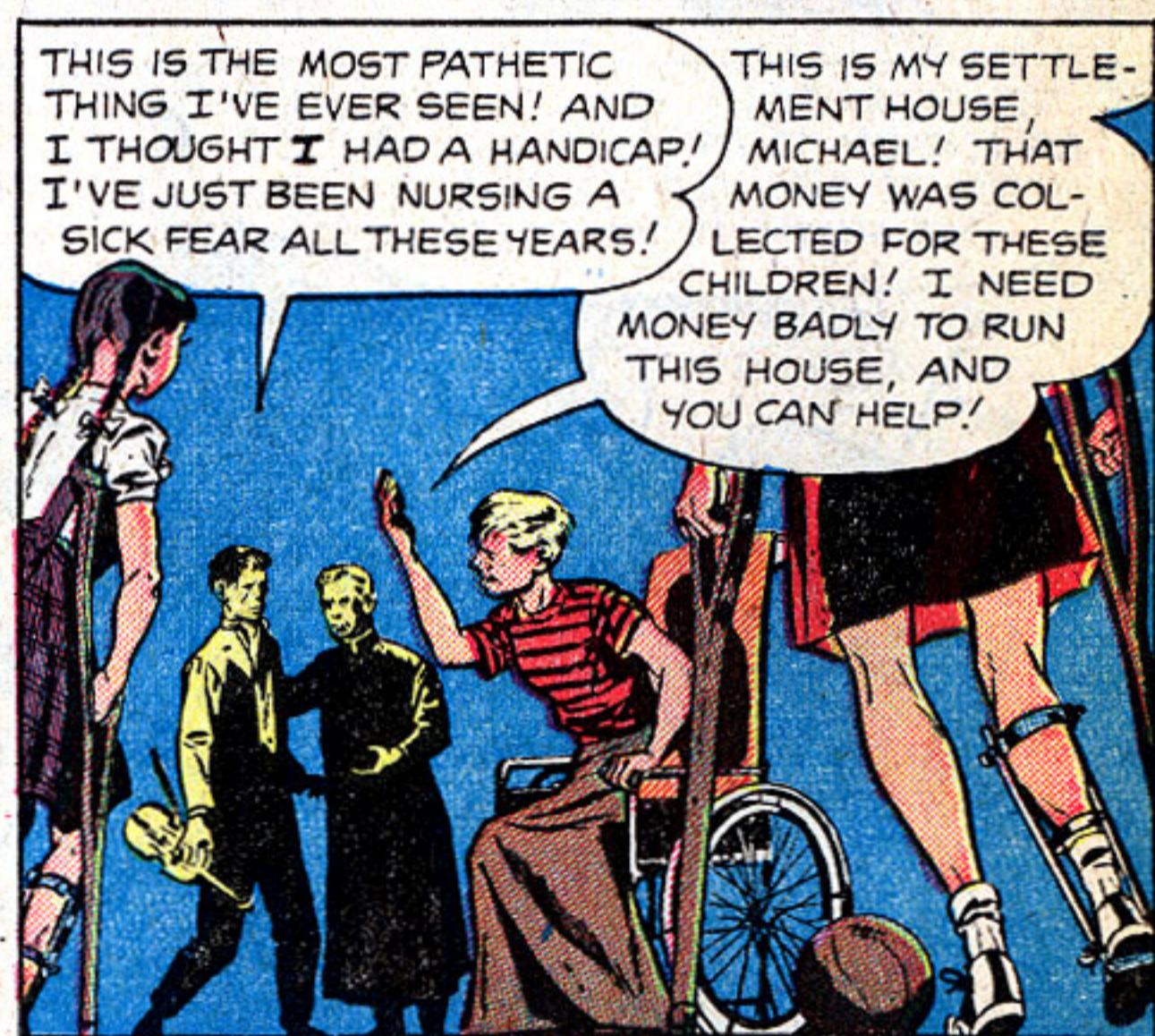
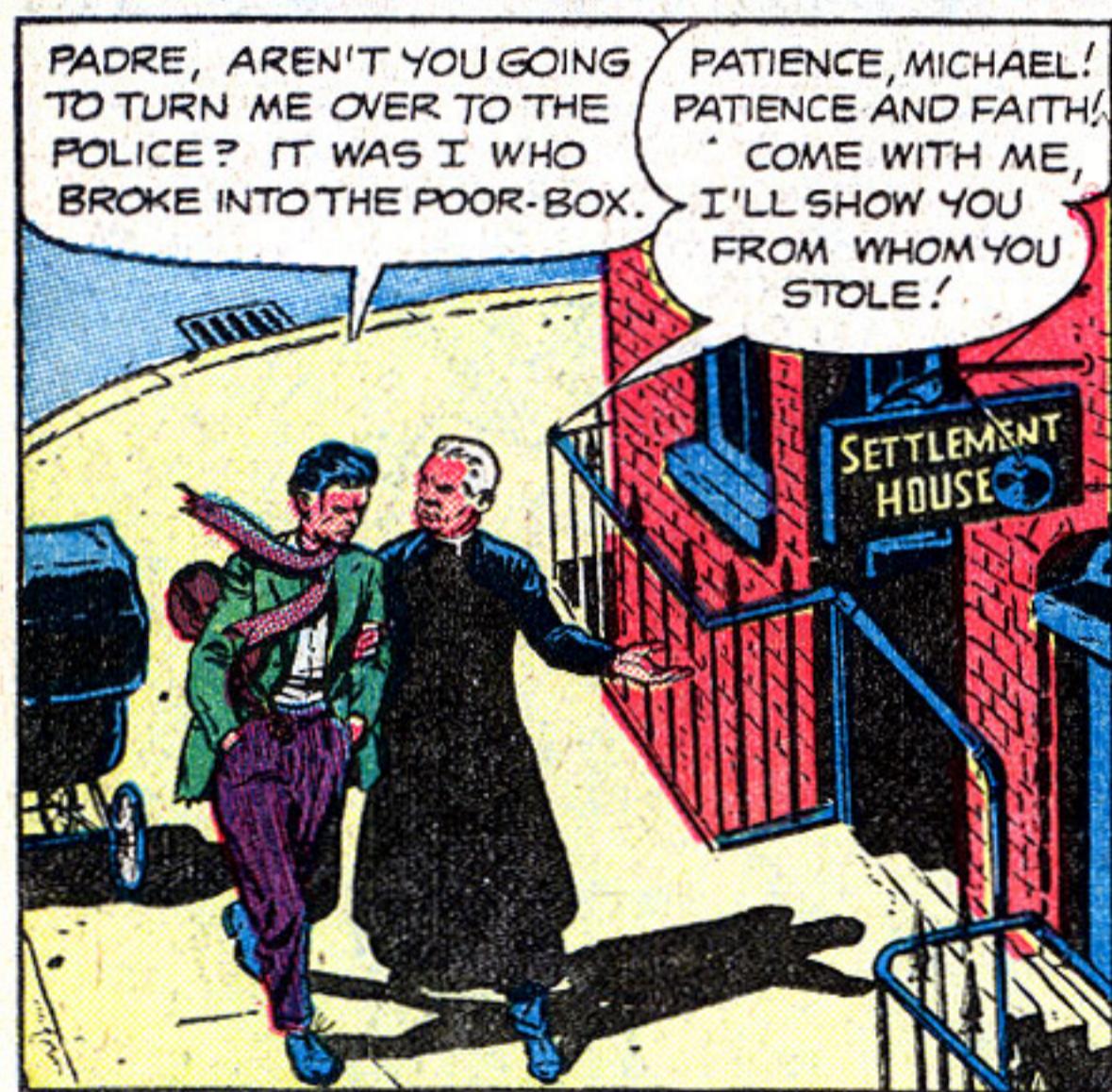
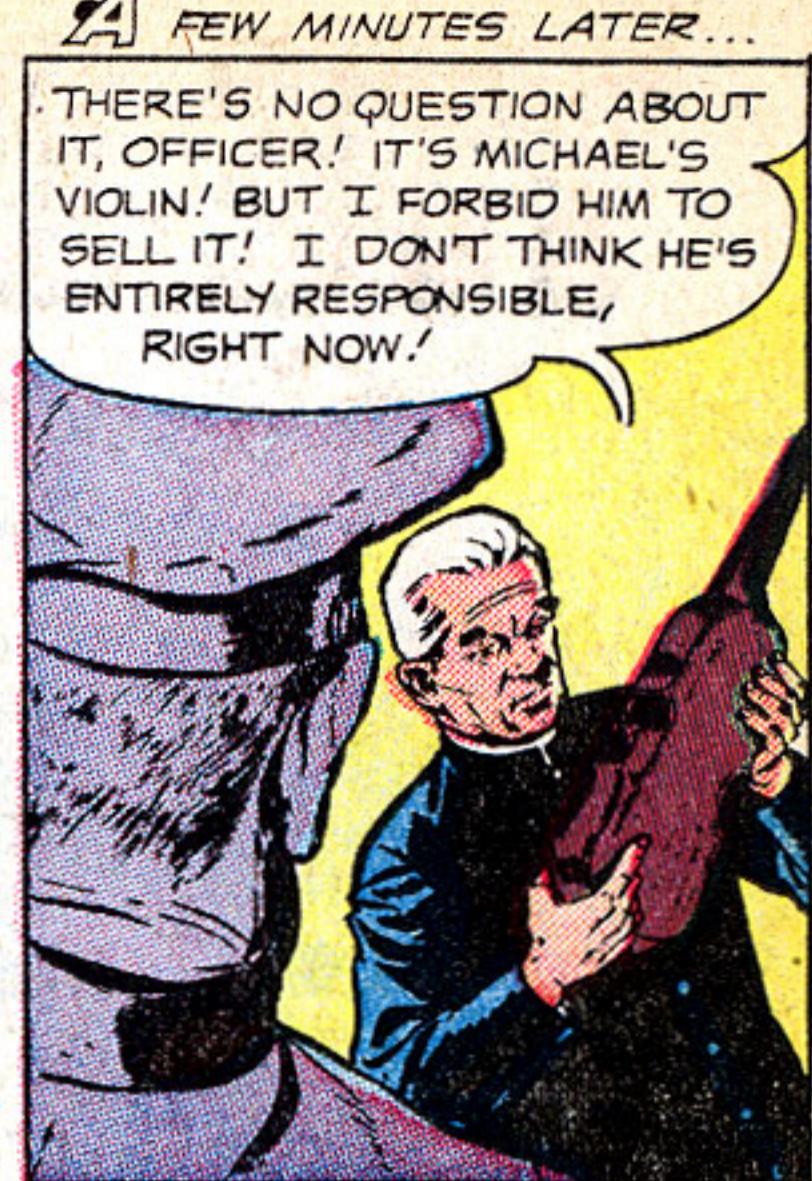
SHH... HE'S IN THE NEXT ROOM! HE DOESN'T KNOW YOU'RE HERE! LISTEN, MR. JUROK!



THAT BOY HAS GOLDEN HANDS! HE'LL HAVE THE WORLD AT HIS FEET! WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL! LET ME SEE HIM!







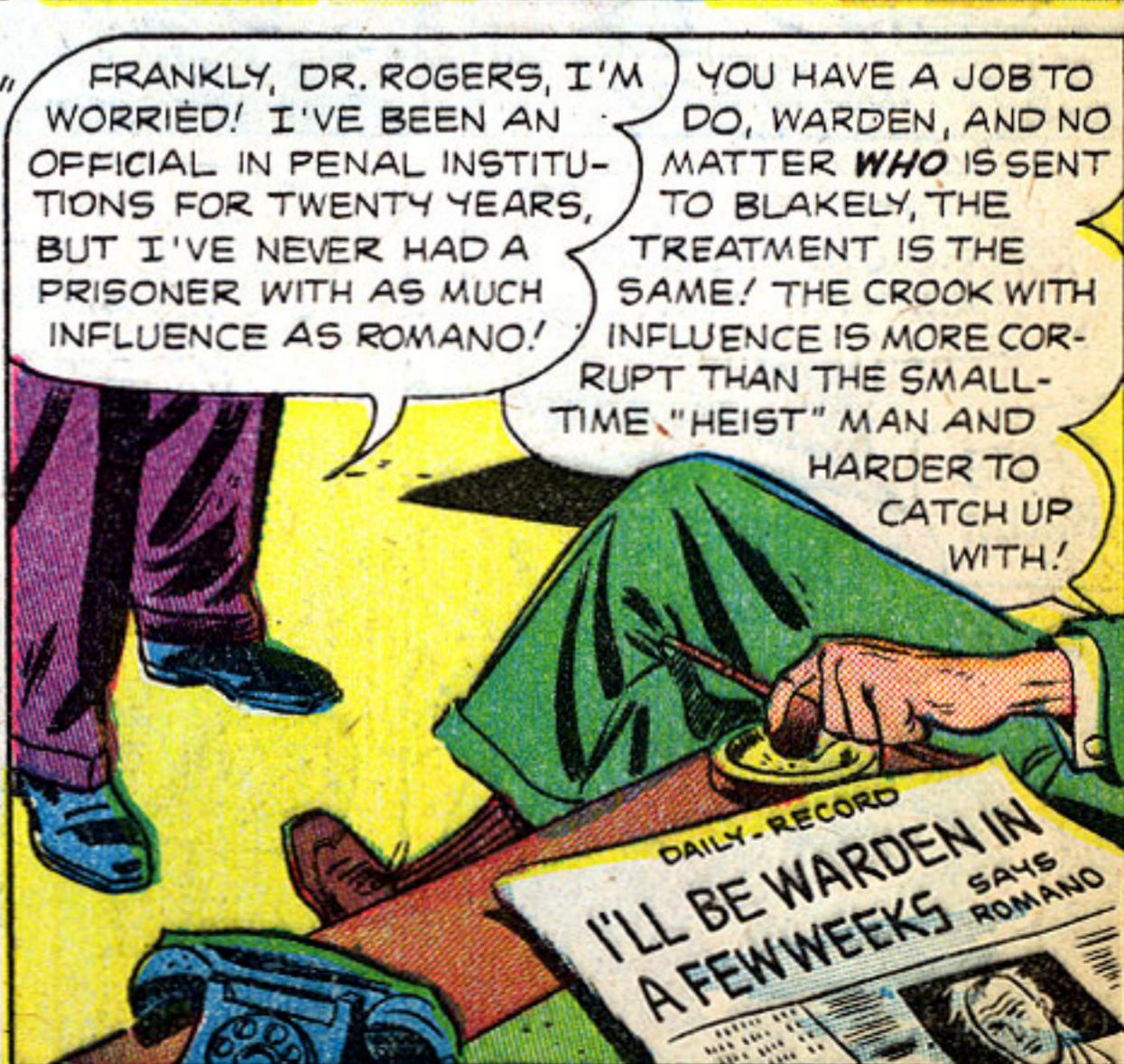
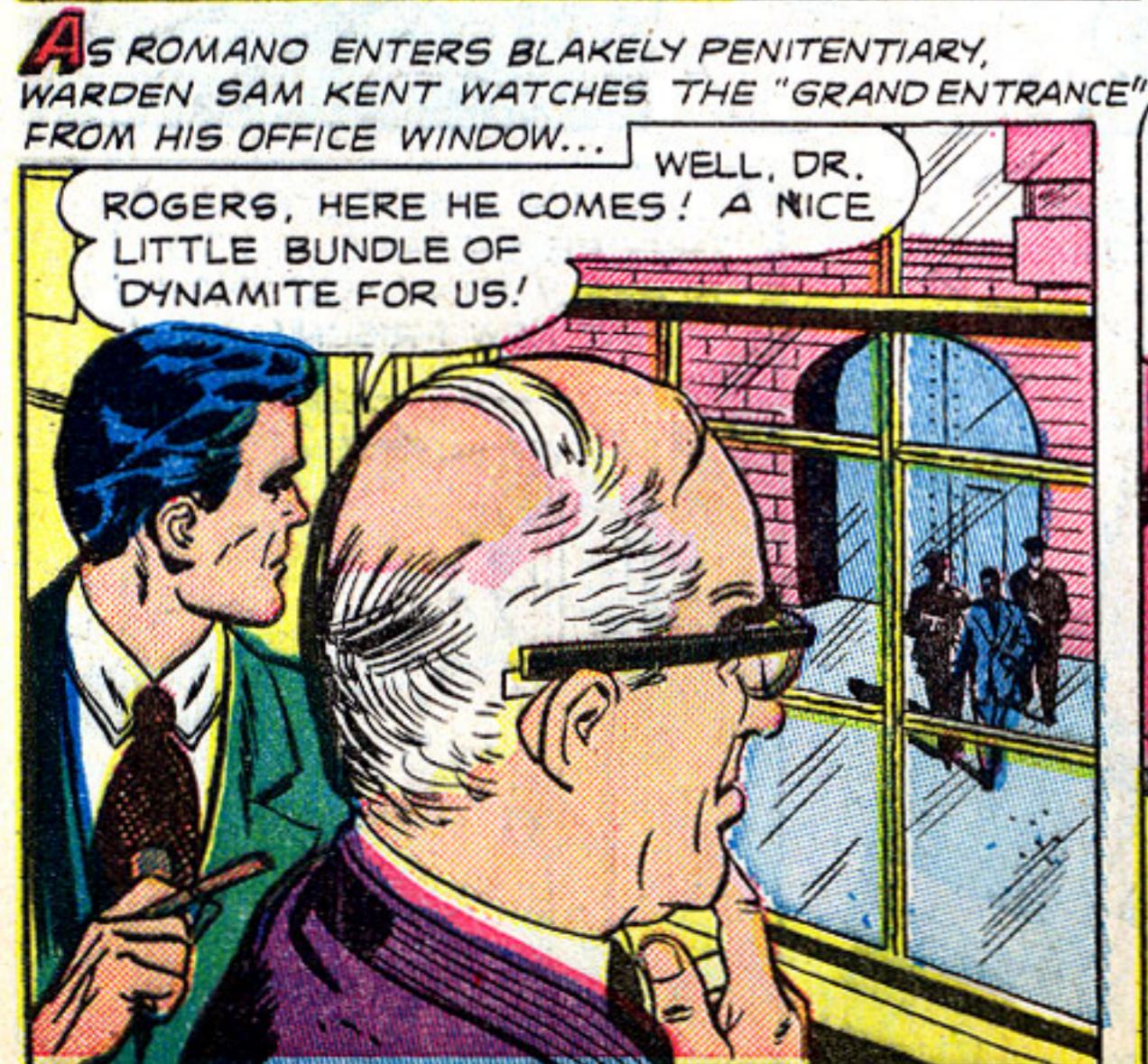
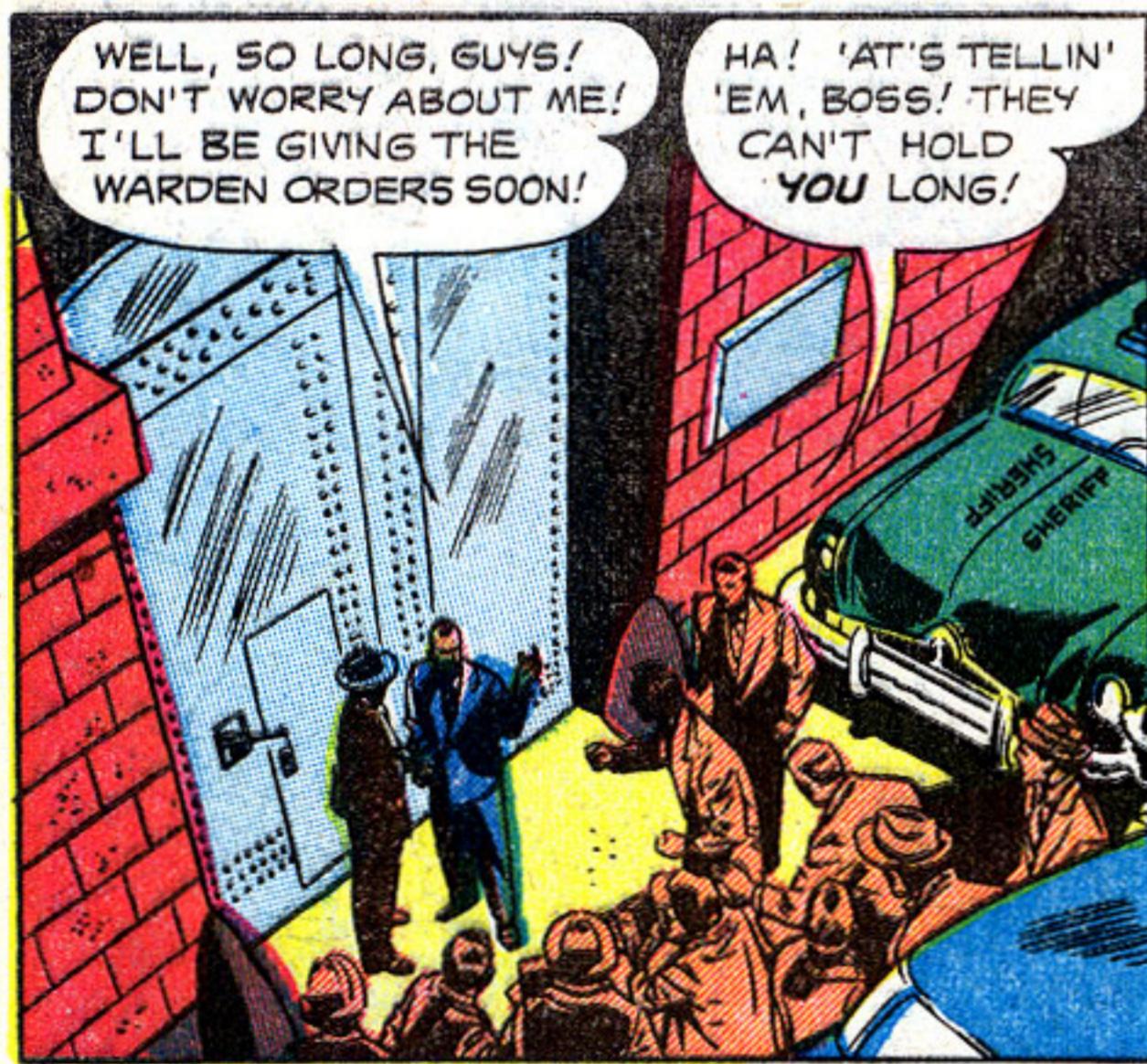
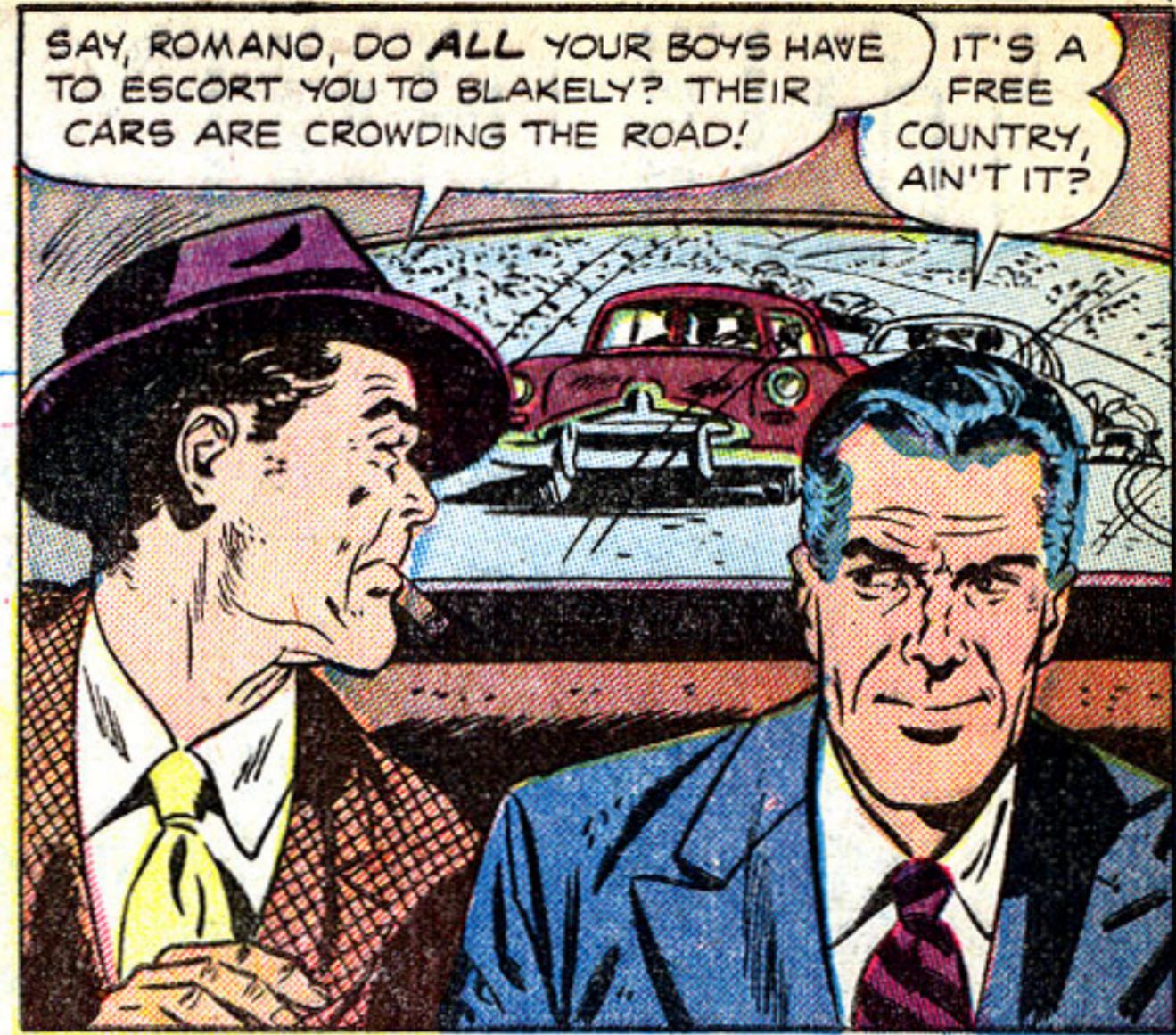
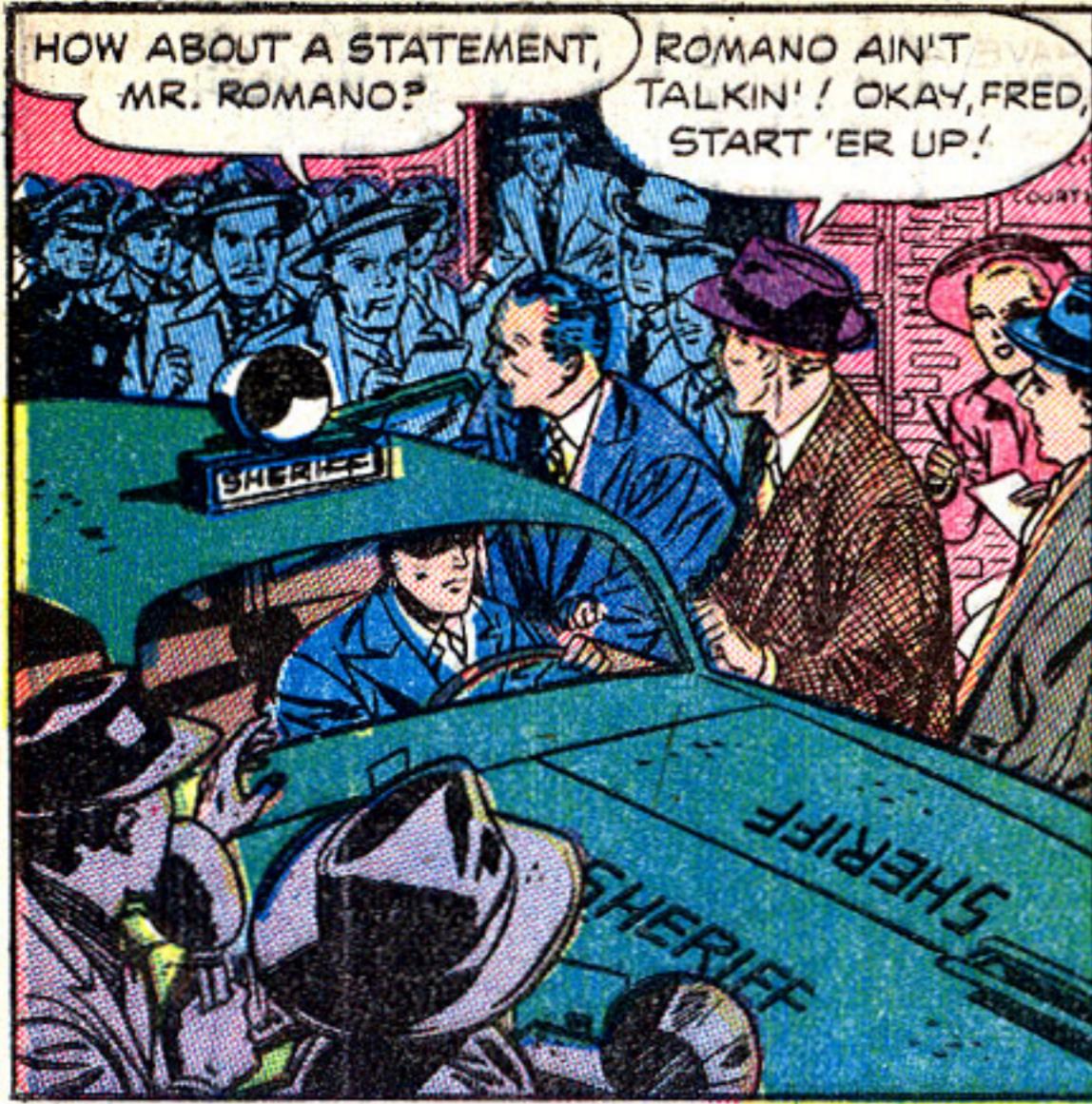
THE END

THE CRIME CLINIC

Starring DR. TOM ROGERS

in "BIG-SHOT IN THE BIG HOUSE"





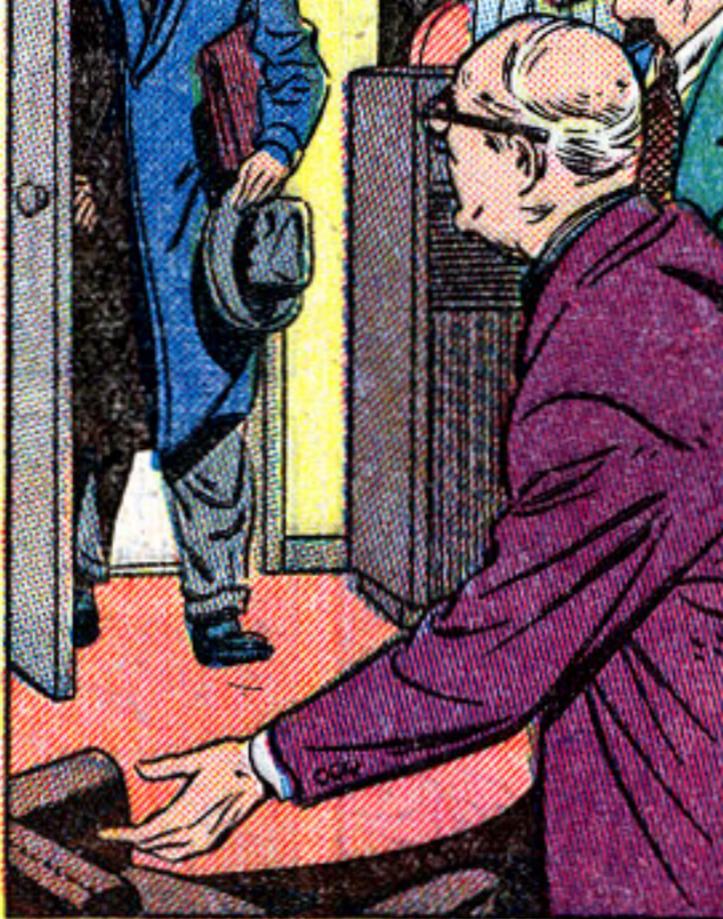
IT'S NOT ROMANO HIMSELF THAT WORRIES ME, DOCTOR-- IT'S HIS EFFECT UPON THE OTHER MEN! SINCE YOU CAME HERE, YOU'VE HELPED STRAIGHTEN OUT QUITE A FEW OF OUR CONVICTS! ROMANO THREATENS TO UNDO EVERYTHING YOU'VE DONE!

EXCUSE ME, WARDEN KENT! THERE'S A MR. TRUMP TO SEE YOU!

WARDEN KENT, I REPRESENT THE PUBLISHERS OF "SLICK" -- THE MEN'S MAGAZINE!

HAVE A SEAT, MR. TRUMP! MEET DR. ROGERS.

TO CONTINUE OUR EXPOSE OF TRUE CRIME CONDITIONS, THE PUBLISHERS OF "SLICK" PLAN TO RUN A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON SIGMUND ROMANO! THEY WILL CARRY HIS NAME, BUT ALL ROYALTIES WILL GO TO CHARITY!



HAS ROMANO AGREED TO THIS, MR. TRUMP?

YES, DOCTOR! AT THE END OF MR. ROMANO'S TRIAL, WE MADE THE OFFER AND HE ACCEPTED! IN FACT, HE SUGGESTED GIVING THE ROYALTIES TO CHARITY! A NICE GESTURE!

WHAT DO YOU SAY?

I MAY BE STICKING MY NECK OUT, MR. TRUMP, BUT YOU HAVE MY PERMISSION. HOWEVER, I WANT IT UNDERSTOOD THAT DR.

ROGERS MUST PASS ON ALL MATERIAL BEFORE PUBLICATION!

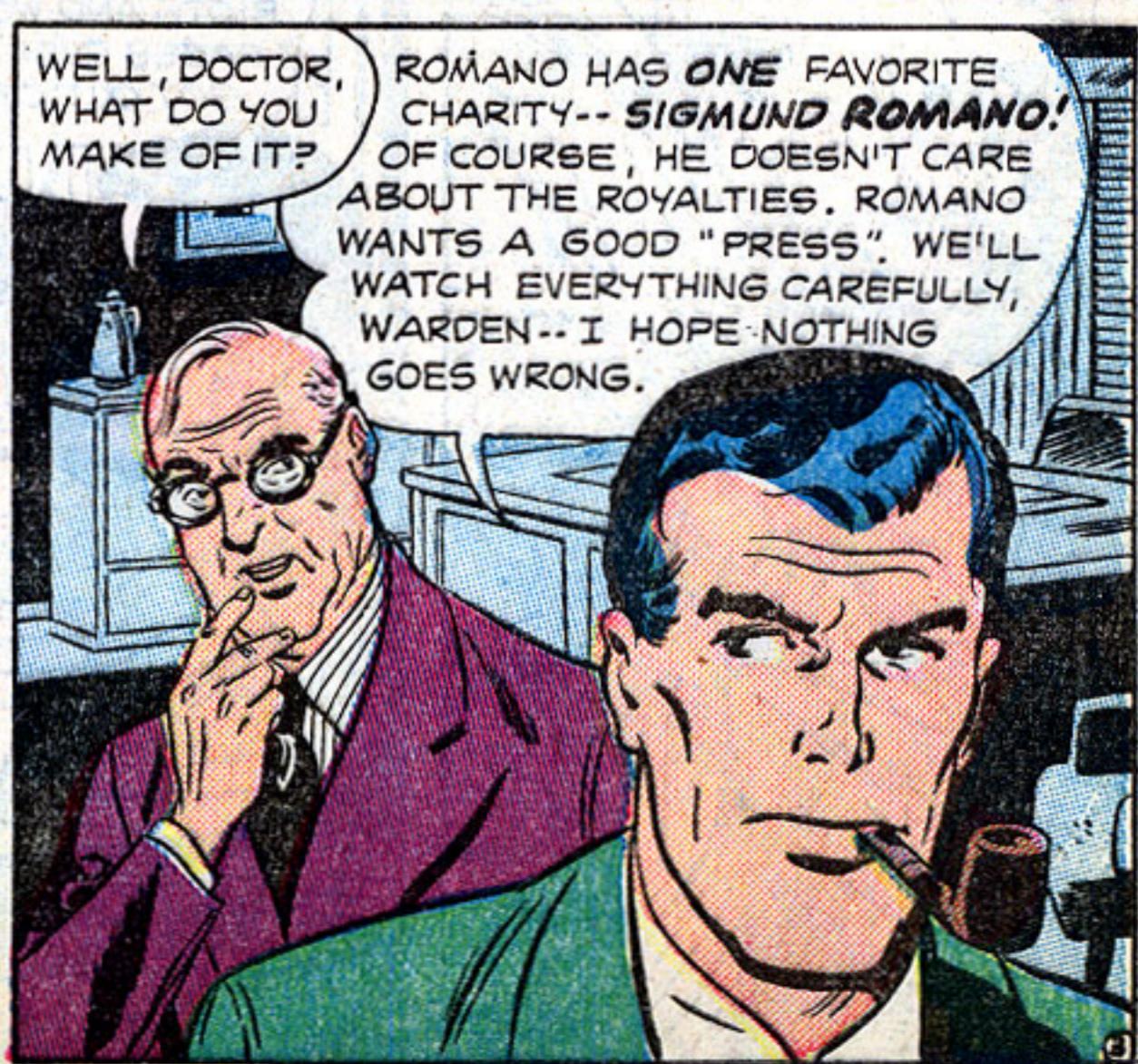


FAIR ENOUGH, WARDEN! MY PUBLISHERS WILL GO ALONG. WE THINK THIS WILL HELP TO SHOW HOW THE UNDERWORLD WORKS AND THINKS. THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN!



WELL, DOCTOR, WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?

ROMANO HAS ONE FAVORITE CHARITY-- SIGMUND ROMANO! OF COURSE, HE DOESN'T CARE ABOUT THE ROYALTIES. ROMANO WANTS A GOOD "PRESS". WE'LL WATCH EVERYTHING CAREFULLY, WARDEN-- I HOPE NOTHING GOES WRONG.



A WEEK PASSES, AND DR. ROGERS IS RIGHT...ROMANO IS A MODEL PRISONER. BUT THEN ONE DAY IN THE PRISON LAUNDRY...

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? BACK TO WORK!

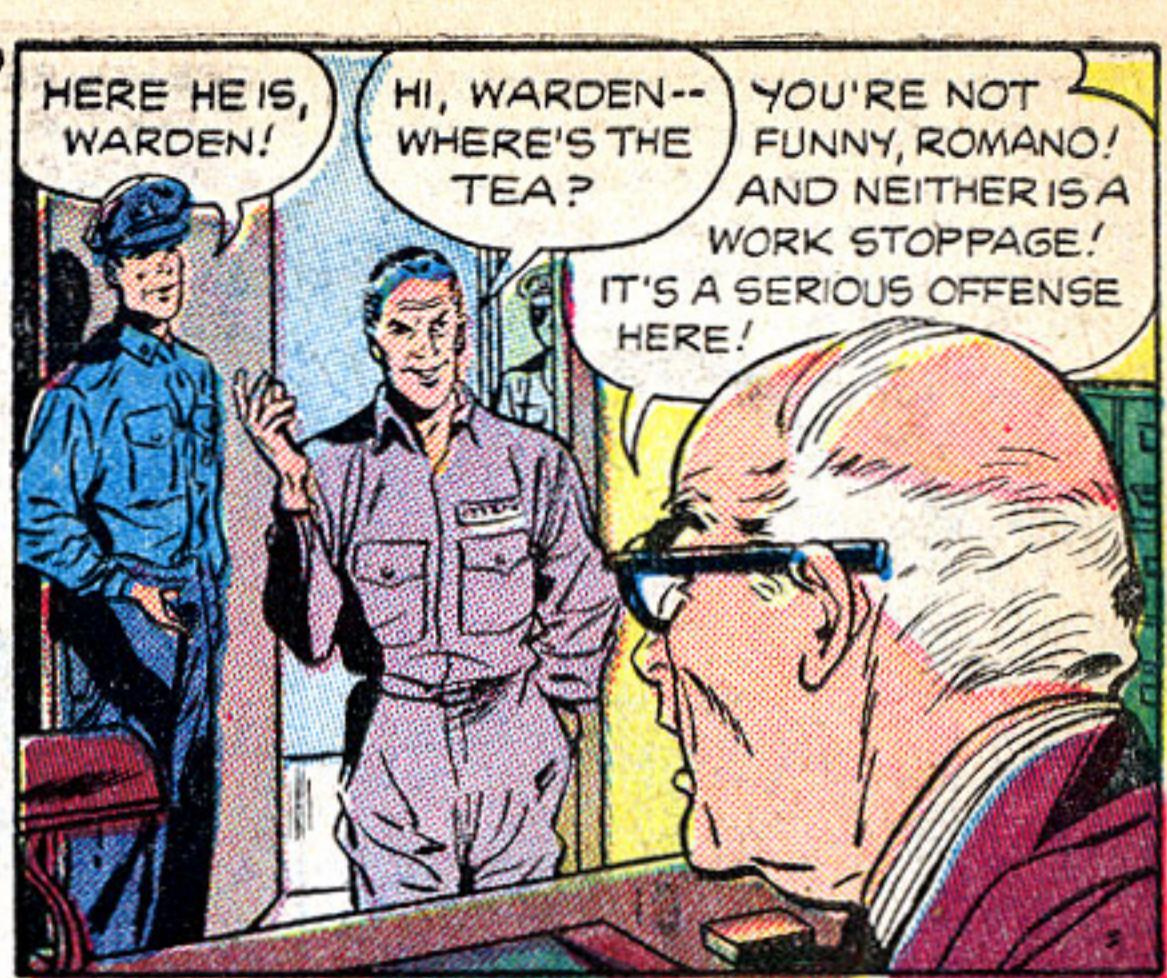
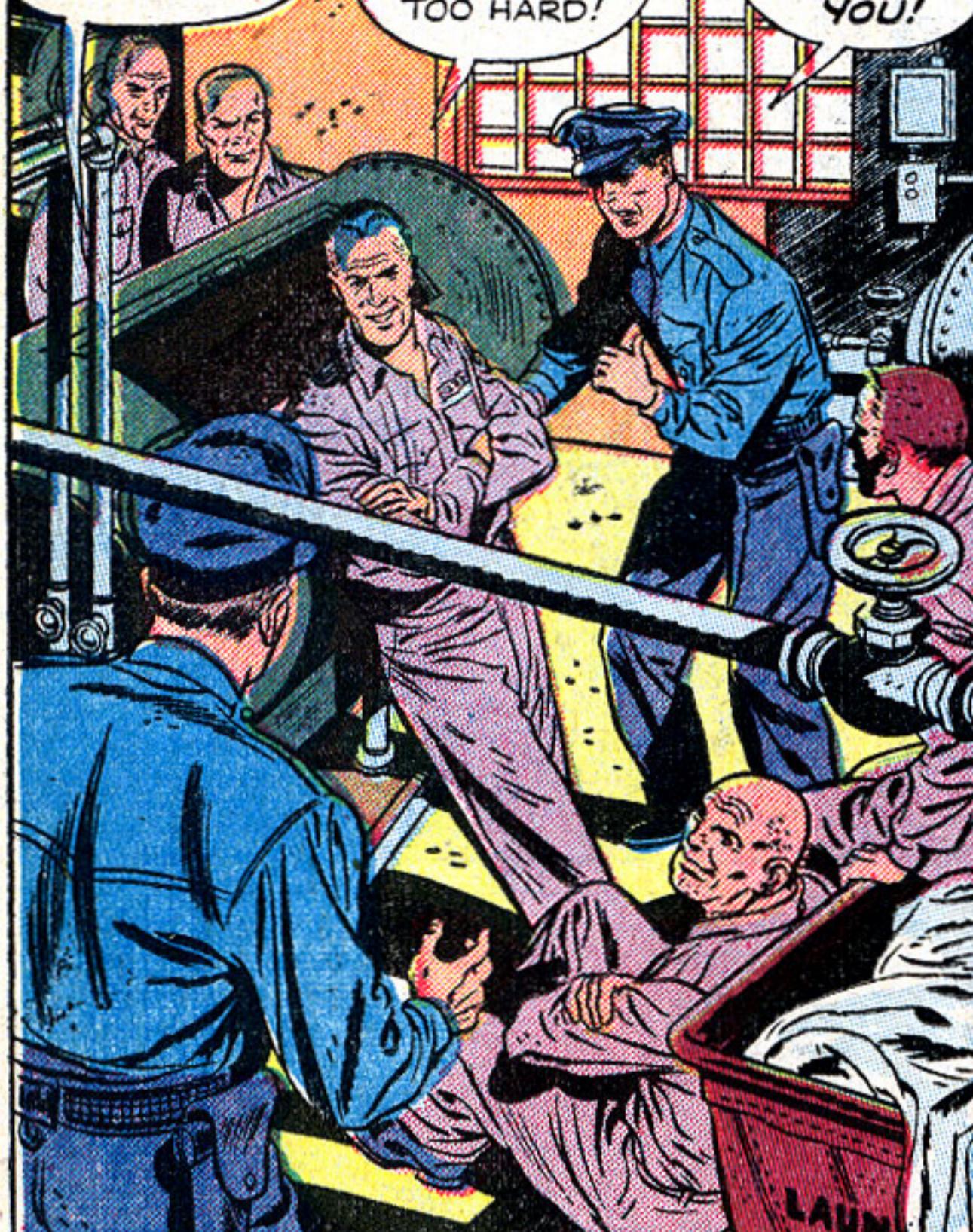
TAKE IT EASY, KELLY! WE'RE RESTING! YOU GUYS WORK US TOO HARD!

COME ALONG, ROMANO! THE WARDEN'LL TALK TO YOU!

HERE HE IS, WARDEN!

HI, WARDEN-- WHERE'S THE TEA?

YOU'RE NOT FUNNY, ROMANO! AND NEITHER IS A WORK STOPPAGE! IT'S A SERIOUS OFFENSE HERE!



LOOK, WARDEN, YOU'RE NOT TALKIN' TO A HIGH SCHOOL KID! I'M BIG!

ALL RIGHT, MR. BIG-- I WON'T TAKE YOUR VALUABLE TIME WITH SERMONS! SOLITARY CONFINEMENT-- 48 HOURS! TAKE HIM AWAY!



I'LL BREAK YOU, YOU TWO-BIT TIN BADGE! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!

SOME WEEKS LATER...

WANT TO SEE ME, WARDEN? DOCTOR! THE SITUATION'S WORSE! THE PRISONERS TREAT ROMANO LIKE A KING! THERE'VE BEEN RIOTS AND WORK STOPPAGES EVER SINCE HE GOT OUT OF SOLITARY!

YES,

DR. ROGERS, IF THIS KEEPS UP, I'D JUST AS SOON ASK FOR A TRANSFER... I CAN'T TAKE IT ANY LONGER!

REMEMBER THIS, WARDEN KENT-- YOU ARE THE LAW AT BLAKELY, NOT ROMANO! ROMANO'S BREED RESPECTS STRENGTH--THEY ABHOR WEAKNESS!



PLEASE, WARDEN, FORGET ABOUT THE TRANSFER! I'M SEEING ROMANO THIS AFTERNOON, AND IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, EVERYTHING WILL BE SHIP-SHAPE AT BLAKELY!

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, DOCTOR... I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT!!

THAT AFTERNOON...

SO YOU FINALLY GOT AROUND TO ME, HUH, DOC? BUT WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME? I'M NOT CRAZY!!

NO ONE IS "CRAZY," ROMANO! HERE, HAVE A CIGARETTE!

THANKS, DOC!

LOOK, ROMANO--I WON'T WASTE WORDS! I CAN HELP YOU, IF YOU COOPERATE-- AND REMEMBER, ANYTHING YOU SAY TO ME REMAINS WITHIN THESE OFFICE WALLS. NOW TELL ME... WHO'S YOUR BOSS?

HA! YOU JUST SAID NO ONE IS CRAZY! BUT YOU'RE CRAZY, DOC, 'CAUSE I GOT NO BOSS! I'M THE BIG BOSS, SEE?

NO, YOU'RE NOT, ROMANO! YOU'RE JUST A PUPPET AND YOU'RE SHIELDING YOUR MASTER! SURE, YOU THINK YOU HAVE A CODE, AND YOU ABIDE BY IT. BUT SOCIETY, TO OFFSET THE BRUTALITY OF MEN LIKE YOU, HAD TO SET UP ITS OWN CODE! AND YOU AND YOUR KIND MUST LEARN TO OBEY THAT CODE!

WHERE'S YOUR INFLUENCE, ROMANO? WHY HASN'T IT SET YOU FREE? I'LL TELL YOU WHY-- YOUR BOSS DOESN'T WANT YOU OUT! IT'S SAFER FOR HIM WITH YOU BEHIND BARS!!

I APPRECIATE THE CIGARETTE, DOC, BUT I WANT NO SERMONS! IF YOU FIND MY "BOSS," LET ME KNOW, WILL YA?

I WILL, ROMANO, I SURE WILL...

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...

I'LL BE GONE A FEW DAYS, WARDEN! I'VE GOT THIS THING ALL FIGURED OUT!

GOOD LUCK, DOCTOR!

SAM KENT



TWO DAYS LATER, DR. ROGERS RETURNS TO BLAKELY...

HERE'S ROMANO, DOCTOR!

THANKS, BILL, THAT WILL BE ALL. SIT DOWN, ROMANO!



LOOK, DOC! DON'T MAKE ME TELL ME WHO MY BIG BOSS IS--PLEASE! I'LL BE A MODEL PRISONER... I'LL BE EVERYTHING YOU WANT ME TO BE, BUT DON'T MAKE ME TELL!

I'M GLAD YOU'VE FINALLY ADMITTED YOU'VE GOT A BOSS, ROMANO! YOU'VE BEEN HOLDING BACK TOO LONG!

MY JOB ISN'T TO BRING WRONG-DOERS TO JUSTICE! I LEAVE THAT TO THE POLICE! I HAD TO SAVE YOU, ROMANO, SO YOU WOULD BE OF SOME USE TO SOCIETY AND TO YOURSELF! TWENTY-THREE YEARS IS A LONG TIME TO KEEP A SECRET...

YOU KNOW! YOU KNOW THE TRUTH!

YES, ROMANO-- DON'T TELL, DOC--PLEASE! I'LL DO ANYTHING, BUT FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, DON'T TELL HER!



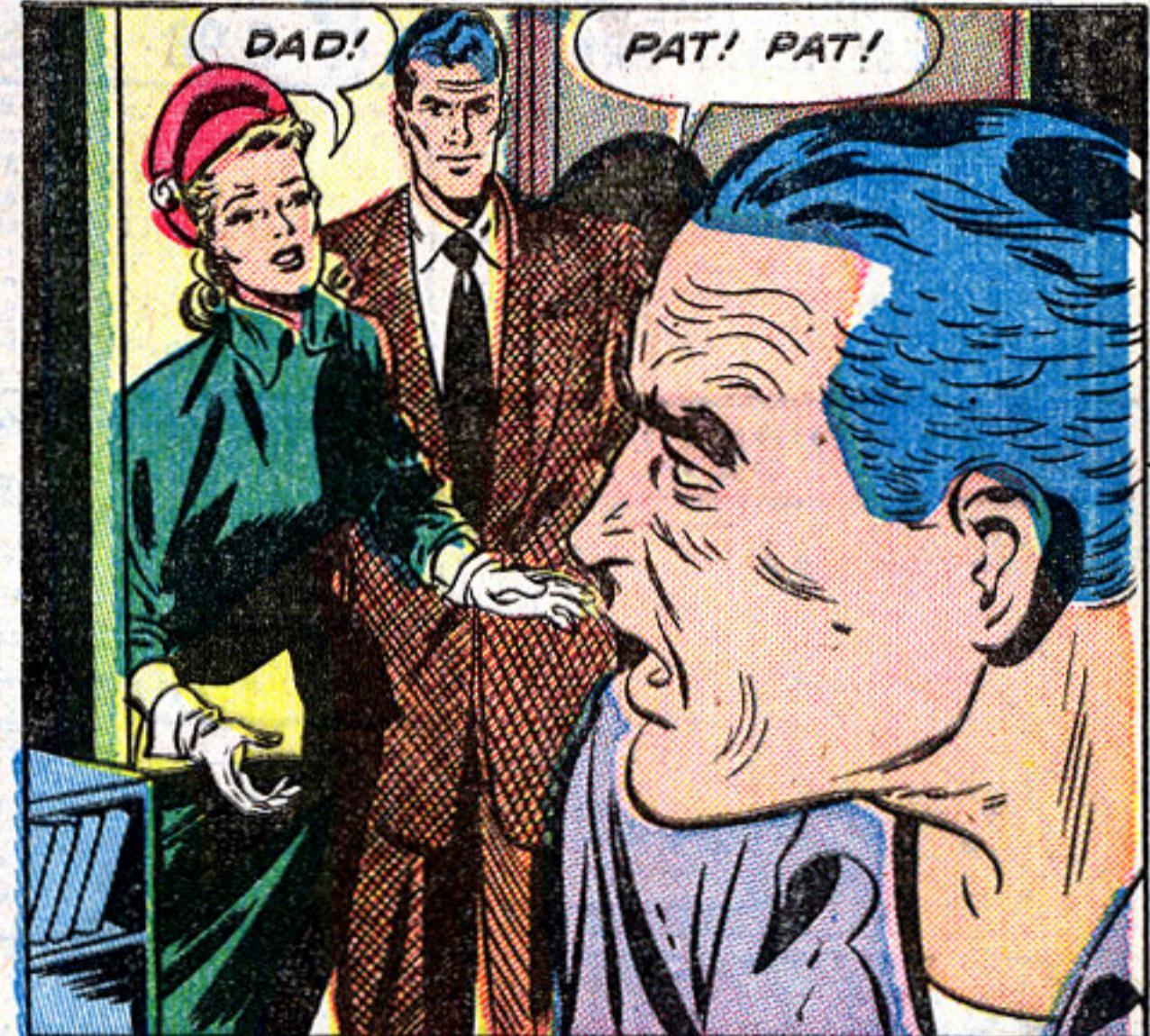
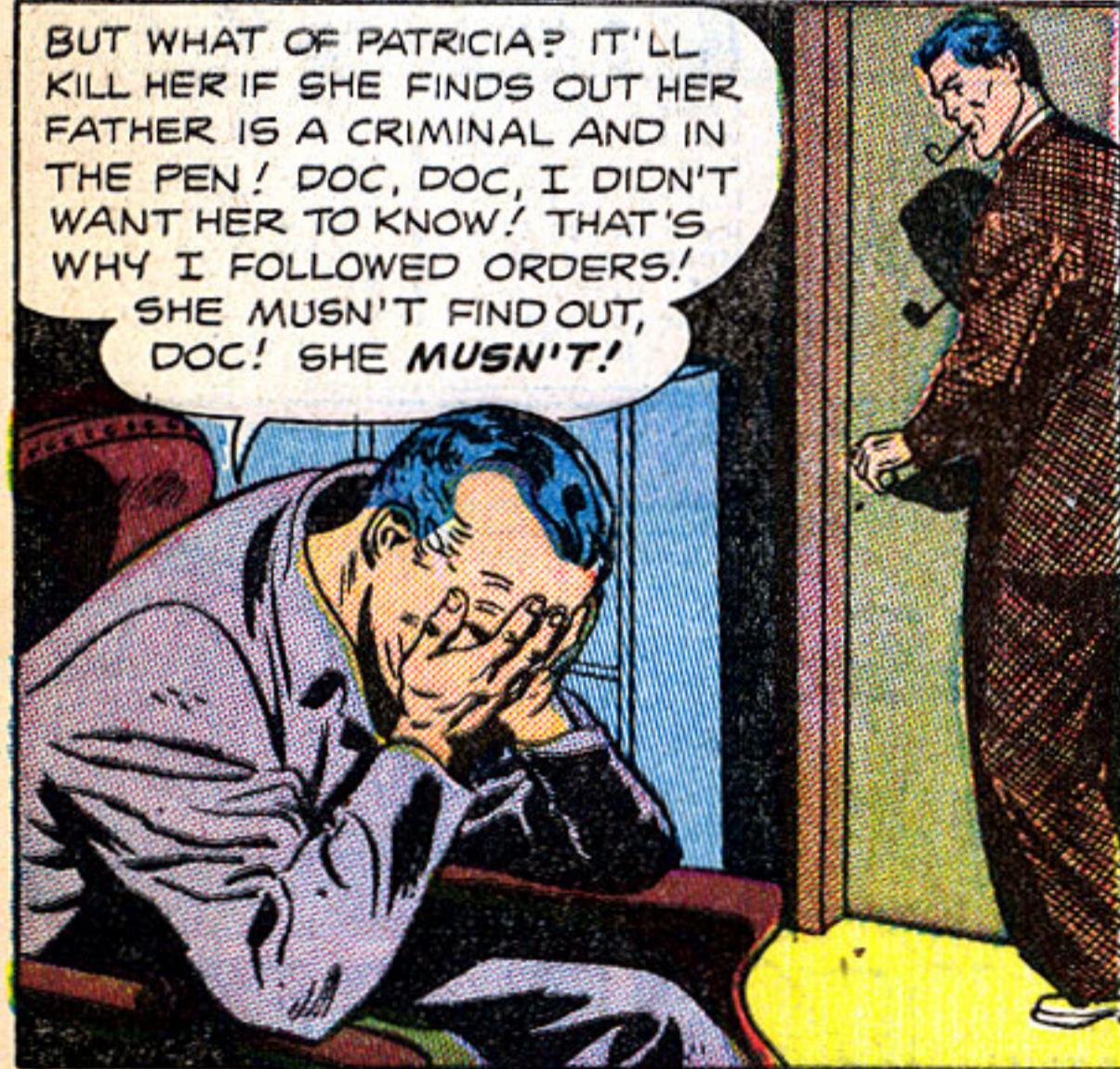
THAT MAGAZINE, "SLICK"--I READ THE ARTICLE ON YOU. YOUR WIFE DIED IN 1928. WELL, I CHECKED AND FOUND OUT THAT YOU GAVE YOUR NEW-BORN DAUGHTER AWAY! THE ADOPTIVE FATHER FOUND OUT THAT YOU--BIG-TIME ROMANO--WAS HIS DAUGHTER'S REAL FATHER!



ANOTHER RUTHLESS MAN, HE THREATENED TO TELL THE GIRL WHO HER REAL FATHER WAS! WITH HIS THREATS AS A WEAPON, HE MADE HIMSELF YOUR REAL BOSS. AFTER THAT, YOU DID WHAT HE WANTED, EVEN PERJURING YOURSELF IN COURT! BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY, ROMANO, WE ALREADY HAVE THAT MAN UNDER ARREST!



BUT WHAT OF PATRICIA? IT'LL KILL HER IF SHE FINDS OUT HER FATHER IS A CRIMINAL AND IN THE PEN! DOC, DOC, I DIDN'T WANT HER TO KNOW! THAT'S WHY I FOLLOWED ORDERS! SHE MUSTN'T FIND OUT, DOC! SHE MUSTN'T!



DR. ROGERS EXPLAINED EVERYTHING! I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU ARE, DAD! I LOVE YOU! PAT! PAT! (SOB) NOW YOU'VE COME BACK TO ME, AT LAST! IT WAS TOO MUCH SEEING YOU EVERY DAY AND NOT BEING ABLE TO SAY A WORD. BUT NOW I'VE GOT YOU! FIVE YEARS ISN'T A LONG TIME... BUT CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME? PAT, I'LL MAKE UP FOR EVERYTHING. I SWEAR I WILL!



AND SOME DAYS LATER, IN WARDEN KENT'S OFFICE...

EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT NOW, DR. ROGERS--THANKS TO YOU AND YOUR CRIME CLINIC! THE RIOTS HAVE STOPPED!

AND MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL, WARDEN, A GANG HAS BEEN BUSTED AND A MAN, WHO WAS ONCE A MENACE TO SOCIETY, MAY SOMEDAY BECOME A USEFUL CITIZEN!



THE END

SPECIAL SALE!

FLASH! THIS MONTH ONLY

ALL PRICES SLASHED!

NOTICE

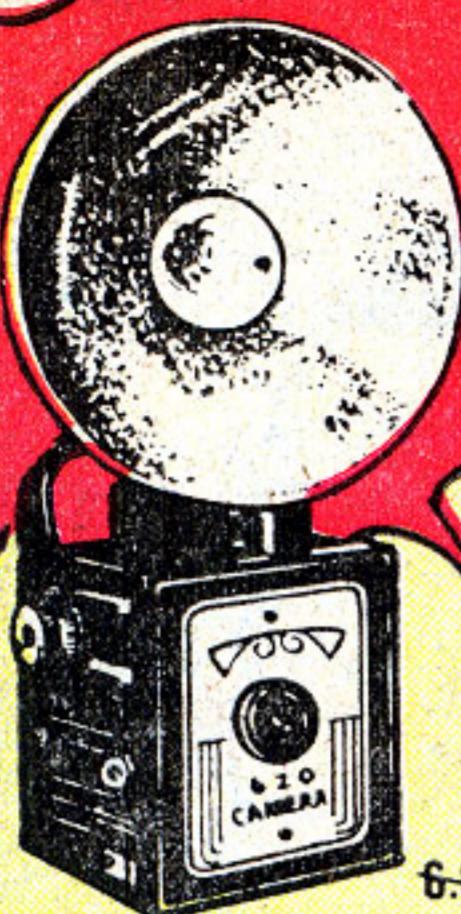
YOU MUST USE THE COUPON BELOW IN ORDER TO GET THESE SPECIAL PRICES. This offer will not be repeated. Supplies limited. Order while they last!

"PRESS ACTION"

#620

FLASH
CAMERA

4.95



INDOORS! OUTDOORS!
BLACK & WHITE! FULL COLOR!
PARTIES! NEWS SHOTS!

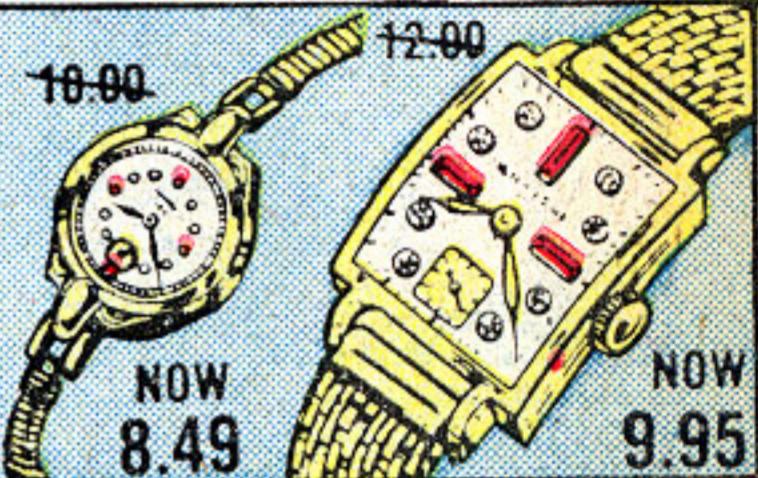
An AMAZING Camera. Takes pictures DAY or NIGHT, indoors or outdoors. Sharp BLACK and WHITE snapshots or FULL COLOR photos, using Kodacolor film. 12 Big pictures on 1 Roll of film. Flash attachment snaps on or off in seconds. Catch valuable news photos. Win admiration at parties, dances. NOW \$4.95

FILM ROLLS for \$1.00



PERFECT for active women and girls. Fine JEWEL-LED movement in dainty case. GILT hands and numbers. Smart Link Expansion Bracelet. NOW \$6.98

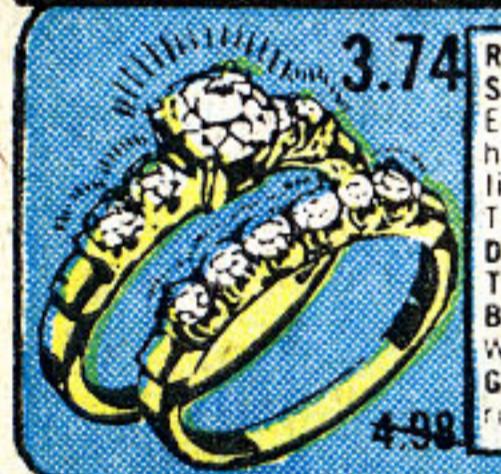
BEST for active men and boys. SHOCK-RESISTANT and ANTI-MAGNETIC! Luminous Dial! Jewelled Movement! Red Sweep-Second! Expansion Bracelet. NOW \$6.99



Ladies' Jewelled Watch in a smart Gold finish case. Dial has 12 Flashing imitation DIAMONDS and RUBIES. Glamorous Snake Bracelet. NOW \$8.49

Rich, Flashing Men's Jewelled Watch with 11 Sparkling imitation DIAMONDS and RUBIES. Smart Gold finish case. DeLuxe Basket-weave Bracelet. NOW \$9.95

ROMANCE SET



3.74

Real Sparkling, Shining BEAUTY! Engagement Ring has 4 Flashing Brilliants and a BEAUTIFUL imitation DIAMOND SOLITAIRE. 7 Twinkling Brilliants in the Wedding Ring. 12K GOLD Filled. Both rings. NOW \$3.74

4.98



1.79

Daintily engraved HEART LOCKET with a GENUINE DIAMOND CHIP. Holds 2 photos. 12K GOLD Filled. NOW \$3.49

DIAMOND

4.95

3.49

INITIAL RING

2.95



A Handsome, Masculine Ring with your own INITIAL set in Raised GOLD effect on a BRILLIANT RUBY - RED color stone. With 2 SPARKLING imitation DIAMONDS on the sides. Rich 14K R.G.P. NOW \$2.95

4.95



DIAMOND RING for Men. 14K R.G.P. REAL DIAMOND CHIP on Gen. MOTHER-OF-PEARL face. 2 RUBY color side SPARKLERS. NOW \$4.98



CLUSTER RING with your color BIRTH-STONE set-in a circle of Blazing imitation DIAMONDS. 12K GOLD Filled. NOW \$1.84



BUCKLE RING. Manly, impulsive style wins attention. 10K GOLD Filled. 3 BIG imitation DIAMONDS and RUBIES. NOW \$2.98

FREE NO-RISK HOME TRIAL

SEND NO MONEY! We want you to inspect and enjoy this fine quality merchandise - right in your own home. You risk nothing! If not delighted, return for FULL PRICE REFUND. Every article we sell is GUARANTEED! Order from this famous company and be convinced.

GUARANTEED SAVINGS



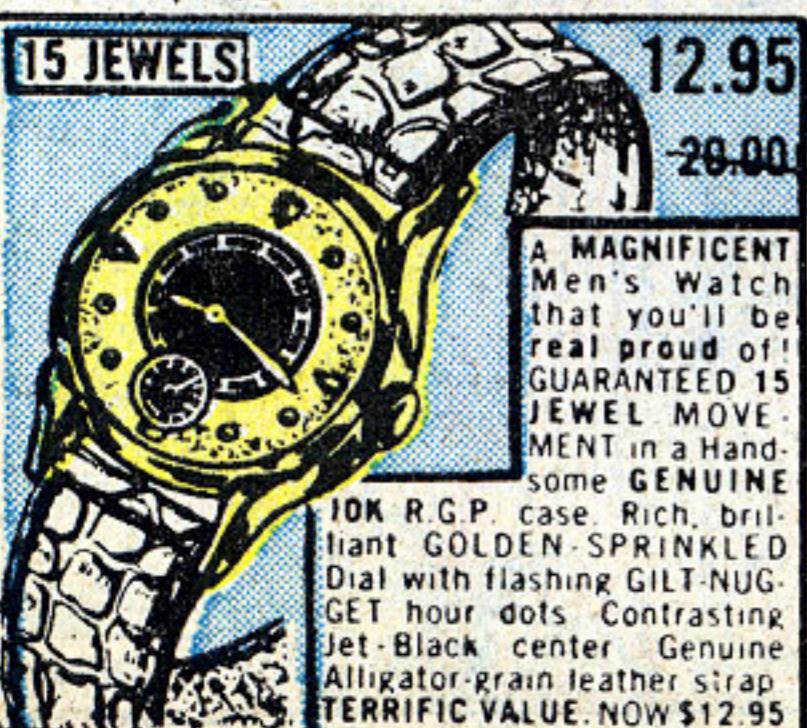
'Sun Glow' Ring. A rich simulation of a glowing Big 10 CARAT STAR RUBY with 2 side DIAMONDS Deep fire! 14K R.G.P. NOW \$3.98



Sweetheart Set. Lovely! 10 Brilliant imitation DIAMONDS with a Flashing Solitaire. 10K GOLD Filled. Both rings. NOW \$2.69



"Winner" Ring. NATURAL GOLD color. 3 Big imitation DIAMONDS and RUBIES. Smart, Sparkling! Impress the girls. NOW \$1.98



15 JEWELS

12.95

-20.00

A MAGNIFICENT Men's Watch that you'll be real proud of! GUARANTEED 15 JEWEL MOVEMENT in a Handsome GENUINE 10K R.G.P. case. Rich, brilliant GOLDEN-SPRINKLED Dial with flashing GILT-NUGGET hour dots. Contrasting Jet-Black center. Genuine Alligator-grain leather strap. TERRIFIC VALUE. NOW \$12.95



"PRINCE" RING. Here's a Rich, Massive Ring for you. With a Huge Flashing imitation DIAMOND and 6 Fiery Red imitation RUBIES. 14K R.G.P. NOW \$3.49



"COBRA" RING. Unusual, Exciting! Realistic SNAKES, circling your finger, with 3 Blazing imitation DIAMONDS and RUBIES in the heads. 14K R.G.P. NOW \$3.69

MAIL THIS COUPON

CASA DE JOYAS, Dept. 2D-24
Box 232 Mad. Sq. Sta., New York 10, N.Y.

SEND NO MONEY! Just cut out pictures of articles desired and attach to this coupon. Pay postman plus few cents postage and excise tax on delivery. THEN EXAMINE IN YOUR OWN HOME. SATISFACTION IS GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK.

PLEASE PRINT

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____ STATE _____

(Send RING SIZES, INITIAL WANTED and your BIRTH MONTH. If you need more room, attach a sheet of paper.)

HERE'S PROOF...

How This Amazing New
Scientific Formula
Called *Comate* May Help You

Save Your Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dry itchy scalp, dandruff, if you fear approaching baldness — here is GOOD NEWS!

Now available to you is the amazing new Comate Medicinal Formula, developed after years of painstaking research. Comate effectively controls seborrhea — the scalp disease now believed by many leading doctors to be the most common

cause of hair loss and eventual baldness. These doctors declare that three types of dangerous scalp organisms are the cause of this scalp disease: staphylococcus albus, pityrosporum ovale, and corynebacterium acnes.

First, Comate was put to a series of rigid tests on cultures of these hair-destroying bacteria. HERE ARE THE STARTLING RESULTS!

PROOF 1

June 17, 1950, by a leading independent testing laboratory.
(Complete report on file, copy on request)

Our research chemists were still not satisfied. Yes, Comate had proved itself in the test tube, but would Comate work as well on the human hair and scalp? And so another — a second — series of

Comate Medicinal Formula killed the three test cultures — staphylococcus albus, pityrosporum ovale, corynebacterium acnes — in 60 seconds! Report #8099,

experiments was prescribed, to test Comate on the hair and scalps of men and women. Here is the remarkable performance of Comate when applied directly to the human scalp.

PROOF 2

December 14, 1950, by a leading independent testing laboratory.
(Complete report on file, copy on request)

After this proof of success both in the laboratory and on the scalps of men and women, Comate was put to the third test — the toughest of them all. Comate was sold by the thousands on

Comate Medicinal Formula, applied directly to scalps of men and women, killed 88.4% of all scalp bacteria, after 15 minutes application. Report #26635,

a DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE in a number of typical American areas. In 3 short months we have learned that our work and faith in Comate have been vindicated.

PROOF 3

we could in this advertisement. And only 1.9% of Comate users have asked for and received double their money back. Imagine! 98.1% of our customers were delighted with the sensational results from Comate Formula. Report July 27, 1951, by Certified Public Accountant.

Letters of gratitude hailing Comate have poured into our offices. By word-of-mouth the amazing results with Comate have been told far more effectively than

we could in this advertisement. And only 1.9% of Comate users have asked for and received double their money back. Imagine! 98.1% of our customers were delighted with the sensational results from Comate Formula. Report July 27, 1951, by Certified Public Accountant.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Read the PROOF from the laboratory tests — the PROOF from the scalp tests — the PROOF in the letters of gratitude from happy men and women who have found Comate the answer to their scalp troubles.

Comate must accomplish for you what it has for thousands of men and women. You must be completely satisfied, or DOUBLE YOUR MONEY will be returned to you. We take all the risk.

Not even Comate can grow hair from dead hair follicles — so DON'T DELAY — fill out the no-risk coupon while there is still a chance to have thicker-stronger healthier looking hair. Mail the coupon TODAY.



Actual Experiences of Skeptical Men and Women PROVE HAIR CAN BE GROWN From Live Hair Follicles

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped." —L.H.M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin." —D. W. G., c/o FPO., N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula." —Mrs. R. LeB., Piqua, Ohio

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling." —R. H., Corona, Cal.

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair." —C.E.H., N. Richland, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker. I can tell it." —Miss C.T., San Angelo, Tex.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it." —L. W. W., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write!" —Mrs. H. J. McComb, Miss.

These are a few of the unsolicited testimonials received every day from grateful men and women all over the country. Once you've tried Comate you'll rave about it, too!

RUSH THIS NO-RISK COUPON NOW!

COMATE LABORATORIES INC., DEPT. 1905C
1432 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

Please rush my bottle (30-days supply) of Comate Hair and Scalp Formula in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied or you guarantee DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK upon return of bottle and unused portion.

Enclosed find \$5.00, Fed. tax incl. (Check, cash, money order.) Send postpaid.
 Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$5.00 plus postal charges.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

APO, FPO, Canada and Foreign — No C.O.D.'s

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

GEE what a build!
Didn't it take a long
time to get those muscles?

No SIR! - ATLAS
Makes Muscles Grow
FAST!

Will You Let Me PROVE I Can Make YOU a New Man?

LET ME START SHOWING RESULTS FOR YOU



5 inches
of new
Muscle

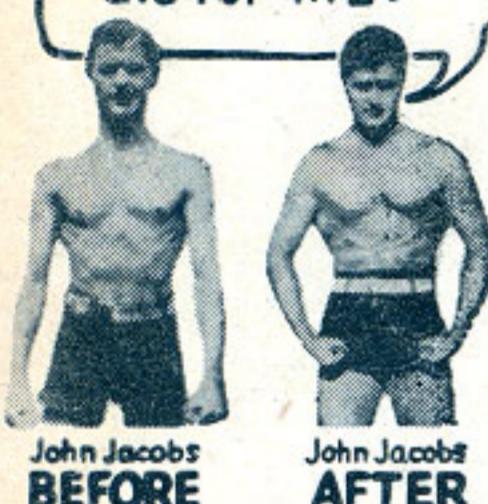
"My arms increased
1 1/2"; chest 2 1/2"; fore-
arm 1 1/4".—C.S., W.Va.



What a
difference!

"Have put
3 1/2" on chest (nor-
mal) and 2 1/2" ex-
panded."—F.S., N.Y.

Here's what ATLAS
did for ME!



John Jacobs
BEFORE

John Jacobs
AFTER



CHARLES
ATLAS

"Am sending snapshot
showing wonderful pro-
gress." —W.G., N.J.

GAINED
29
POUNDS

"When I started,
weighed only 141.
Now 170." —T.K., N.Y.



Here's What Only 15 Minutes a Day Can Do For You

I DON'T care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new beautiful suit of muscle!

What's My Secret?

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the ticket! The ideal natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-cheasted weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man

physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at artificial muscle makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—every exercise is practical. And, man, so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY.

FREE BOOK 'Everlasting Health and Strength'

In it I talk to you in straight-from-the-shoulder language. Packed with inspirational pictures of myself and pupils—fellows who became NEW MEN in strength, my way. Let me show you what I helped THEM do. See what I can do for YOU! For a real thrill, send for this book today—at ONCE. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 376Q 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, New York.



CHARLES ATLAS

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" in international contest — in competition with ALL men who would consent to appear against him.

This is a recent photo of Charles Atlas. This is not a studio picture but an actual untouched snapshot.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 376Q
115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name Age
(Please print or write plainly)

Address

City State